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GOOD SIR WALTER.

Sir Walter Meynell was born in the last year of the seventeenth century, and was an only son, although he had several sisters. He went through the education which was then becoming fixed as the course proper for the Meynells, and which, in fact, has descended as regularly as the family plate ever since. Eton, Oxford, and the Grand Tour, formed this worthy system of training, which was continued unremittingly till the French revolution, together with one or two other slight changes that it wrought, took away from the rising Meynell of the day the power of traveling with a bear leader through the principal parts of Europe.

But no such naughty doings existed in the days of Sir Walter's adolescence. He was accordingly presented at the court of the Regent Duke of Orleans, where nothing naughty was ever heard of, and thence duly performed the whole of that itinerary which has been named the Grand Tour, from the circumstances, I suppose, of the traveler going straight on end, and returning almost precisely the way he came. Sir Walter, however, brought but little of foreign fashions back with him to England. He returned the same hearty, bright spirited fellow he went—with some additional cultivation, indeed—for his mental qualities were keen and sound—but in no degree warped or made foreign by his residence abroad.

Not long after his return, he succeeded to his title and estate. His mother had been dead some years; and he came and settled at Arlescot, retaining his eldest sister at the head of his household, as she had been in their father's time, and all the others remaining exactly as they had then been. Sir Walter was not the man to put forth his sisters because they ceased to be daughters of the house—he loved them all dearly, and delighted to have them round him. "Arlescot," said he, in answer to his man of business, who spoke to him on the subject, "shall ever be their home till they marry. I wish, in every respect, to fill my poor father's place as much as possible." And, indeed, if it had not been that the face at the head of the table was some thirty years younger than that which had been there so lately, one would scarcely have known that any change had taken place at Arlescot hall.

There was a very considerable difference between the age of the eldest and the youngest of Sir Walter's five sisters, so that he continued to have a lady house—and the word, though I coin it for the purpose, carries with it a most comprehensive signification—for many years. There was none of that loneliness which so often sheds its chill over a bachelor's dwelling. There were always smiling faces and merry voices, to welcome his return home;—and all those elegancies and amenities, which exist in no society among which there are not women, constantly graced, and at the same time gave added animation to the circle that congregated within the walls of Arlescot. Indeed, celebrated as that venerable pile has always been for its hospitality and joyous society, the days of Sir Walter and his sisters have come down in tradition as the most brilliant and festive of all. The numerous Christmas party seldom broke up till it belied its name, and was treading on the heels of Lent; and the beautiful woods of green Arlescot, as they waved in full pride of summer, ever saw bright and happy groups beneath their shade and echoed to the sounds of springing voices and young laughter.

In a word, Sir Walter lived during these years a most happy life. He had around him those whom he loved best in the world; he not only saw them happy, but he helped to make them so. Indeed, so thoroughly did the milk of human kindness pervade his heart, that he drew his own chief enjoyment from conferring it. To the poor, he was, in-

deed, a benefactor. Not contented with an alms hastily given, or a dole regularly meted out at the gate, he would personally enter into their interests—assist the beginner, encourage the rising man, and protect and provide for the destitute, the aged, and the sick. He would give his attention to their representations, and deal to them a merciful justice. He would speak a kind word, as the flower of that beautiful tree of charity of which the kind action was the fruit. Before he was thirty years old, he had acquired, among the peasantry around Arlescot, the epithet of "Good Sir Walter." If any one met with injustice—"Go to good Sir Walter, and he will see you righted"—if any one fell into distress—"Go to good Sir Walter, and he will set you on your legs again."

And among persons of his own station, Sir Walter, was equally popular. He had, shortly after his coming into the country, been the means of reconciling a most distressing quarrel between two of his neighbors of the highest consideration—and this attracted the attention of the neighborhood towards him. His constant good humor as a companion—his extreme hospitality—the delightful footing upon which the society at Arlescot was placed—his readiness to perform a friendly office, and the excessive reluctance with which he refused a favor,—all combined to make the gentry adopt the language of the poor, and say,—"They have given him the right name—he is, indeed, Good Sir Walter."

One very natural consequence of the position in which Sir Walter was placed, was that he remained a bachelor. The smile of woman constantly cheered his home, while her accomplishments gave to it all the advantages of refinement and taste. In short, even the most maneuvering mamas in shire had given up the matter as a bad job—and set Sir Walter down as a man that would never marry.

The youngest of his sisters was very much younger than any of the family; and, indeed, there were almost twenty years between his age and hers. At the time this sister, whose name was Elizabeth, was about ten years old, there was only one of the others left unmarried, and Sir Walter began to feel, with sorrow, how much their happy family circle was diminished. This circumstance drew his affections most vividly towards the little Elizabeth. He felt that she was his last stay—that when she left him, he would be widowed quite—and, accordingly, his kindness towards her increased so greatly, that she would have gone near to become a spoiled child—if it had not been that her nature was of a most excellent disposition, and that that nature had been directed, originally, by her eldest sister towards the best and most beautiful issues. Accordingly, when, at about ten years old her brother began to be over indulgent towards her, the effect produced upon her was scarcely more than to render her affection for him every day stronger and more fond, while it left untouched the admirable temper, and generous character, which were hers already.

It was a year or two later, just after the marriage of their only remaining sister, and when Elizabeth and Sir Walter were left alone, that a particularly esteemed friend of the latter, who lived in the near neighborhood of Arlescot, had the calamity to lose his wife. Mr. Adair—so he was named—was left with an only child, a daughter, about a year younger than Elizabeth, who had thus become motherless. Sir Walter had been in the constant habit of going to Mr. Adair's, and had always remarked the extreme beauty and admiration of this child. Accordingly, after the first burst of sympathizing sorrow, for the loss his friend had sustained,—and it was no common one, for Mrs. Adair had been a woman of a degree of merit indeed rare—Sir Walter's mind turned upon the thought of what the depri-

vation of such a mother must be to such a child!—"Poor, poor Lucy!" he exclaimed, "what will become of her now!—I pity her from the bottom of my soul. Such a disposition as hers needs most a mother's guidance; and now, at these tender years, she is left without female help, direction, or support!"

And justly was Sir Walter's pity bestowed. What, indeed, can deserve pity more than a girl who, at eleven years old, has a precocity which increases her age by at least half of its real amount—with the promise of an eager and wild temperament, and of singular yet great beauty—who has lost her mother? Such a being as this may escape great misfortunes—but the chances are sadly the other way.

Lucy Adair had been a great playfellow of Elizabeth Meynell. The difference of age between the latter and her sisters had caused far more companionship to exist between these two, than Elizabeth had ever enjoyed in her own family. Their tendencies of disposition were widely different, and yet their attachment to each other was extreme. Elizabeth was mild and sweet in temper, firm as well as decided in principle, and possessed, as yet, almost unknown to herself, a strong and vivid energy, which it needed only some fitting occasion to call forth. Lucy, on the other hand, was all animation, and wildness, and fire—playful as are most playful of her age, yet occasionally displaying a burst of violence of mingled temper and feeling which was far, far beyond it. In fact, to any one who observed her minutely, she formed a subject for metaphysical study and prophecy, rather than of that sweet and simple contemplation which beautiful children of her age commonly afford.

It was in consequence of the peculiar intimacy subsisting between these young people, that, when he went to pay his visit of condolence to Mr. Adair, Sir Walter took Elizabeth with him. He felt, moreover, and with pride and joy, that she was one who, even now so young, was eminently fitted to administer such consolation as can be administered on an occasion like this. "Lucy, I am sure, suffers deeply," said Sir Walter to his sister—"it will be for you, dear Elizabeth, to bring her mind to a state of calm, and to infuse into it that resignation which is alike our duty and our refuge when those we love are removed from us by death."

When they arrived at Wilmington, they found Mr. Adair alone. The warm and cordial grasp of Sir Walter's hand was, indeed, cordially, though more feebly, returned—but the widowed man shrank from his friend's glance, and turning away, covered his face with his hands, to gain a moment to recover his composure. After a short pause, he said "this visit is, indeed, kind, dear Meynell—I know the goodness of your heart, and what you must feel for me at such a moment as this. I am, indeed, desolate!"

Sir Walter answered his friend with that delicacy, yet depth, of feeling, which showed how far beyond the formal condolence of the world were his expressions of sympathy—expressions, indeed, which could come only from a most sensitive heart under the influence of warm and strong friendship.

At length, he broke a pause which had supervened, by asking whether his sister might not see her young friend. "Assuredly—and yet I fear the meeting will be almost too much for her—Oh Meynell, you can form no idea of how that child has suffered!" As he spoke, he rang the bell, and desired his daughter to be called.

An object of more beauty and interest than was Lucy Adair, as she entered the room, it would be most difficult to conceive. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and the contrast between her dress of sorrow, and the feelings of joyous gaiety which ought to be those of her age and more peculiarly so of her individual disposition, was most striking and sad. The change alto-

gether in her appearance struck Elizabeth most painfully. Her jet black hair, which commonly tossed in a profusion of ringlets, was now plainly parted upon her brow—her large dark eyes, which usually flashed with animation and buoyant life through their lashes of singular darkness and length, were now sunken, and if I may use the phrase, pale with the cold moisture of protracted tears;—and her cheek, instead of flushing and mantling with brilliant blood of health and youth, was now of a whiteness equal to that of the ivory neck, which showed in such startling contrast against the mourning dress.

When Lucy entered, her pace was slow, and her eyes were bent upon the ground.—She seemed to be under the action of violent feeling, for her breath came and went rapidly as was shown by the almost tumultuous heaving of her bosom. At length, she raised her head, and running forward, to Elizabeth, uttered one cry, and fell into her arms in a paroxysm of convulsive tears.

Mr. Adair turned to Sir Walter—and merely uttering the words, "you see"—left the room to regain that composure so necessary before his child, and which he found it impossible at that moment to support.

Sir Walter sat down silently, and gazed with emotion upon the picture before him. Two beautiful children, the one wrapt in an agony of grief, sheltered and cherished in the bosom of the other, whose gentle countenance, now tinged with sadness and pity, might almost, her fond brother thought, form a model for that of an angel sent from heaven on an errand of mercy—such a group as this could not be contemplated without feelings of the softest, purest, and most pitying nature. The violence of Lucy's tears had now passed away—and she lay upon her friend's bosom, her gentle sobs coming at increasing intervals—like the ebbing of a calm tide at evening.

Sir Walter kept withdrawn from the young friends as much as possible, and heard only the murmuring of their voices as they spoke, the one in complaint, the other in consolation. At length, Elizabeth gently disengaged herself from her friend's arms, and coming to her brother, said to him—"Dear Walter, I have a great favor to beg of you, but I feel sure you will not refuse it. Lucy says that if I could be with her for a few days, I should be the greatest support to her: she says that, after having now seen me, and our having talked together, the first dread of meeting me, which she felt, is over, and that she shrinks from falling back upon her own sad thoughts, and seeing her father shed tears over her. I feel sure that she is right, and that I should indeed be of service to her, as her feelings are now. So you will let me stay with her Walter, won't you? and you must get Mr. Adair to consent—I will promise to keep quite out of his way; he may almost believe I am not here—nobody but Lucy shall see me."

"Good, kind girl," said Sir Walter, kissing her brow; "most willingly I consent to your staying with your poor Lucy—I will arrange it with Adair. God bless and protect you," he added, addressing Lucy as he passed her, and placing his hand upon her brow. "That is, indeed, a most extraordinary child," he continued in thought,—"pray heaven the issues of her destiny may be happy!"

Elizabeth remained with her friend; and, in a short time, the smile again began to beam and the color to bloom, on Lucy's cheek. Truly has it been said—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the rain drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry!"

And a most benevolent provision of nature it is, that thus it should be! If a heart were to suffer, at that age, the sorrows of maturity, maturity would never be reached.

Elizabeth's visit, at this time, tended greatly to increase the intimacy and the intercourse between the two families. Lucy constantly came to Arlescot to profit by sharing

in the progress of her friend's education.—In music, especially, they advanced together—and Sir Walter would hang with delight upon the union of their voices, as they joined in their frequent duets. Lucy's voice had an early richness, peculiarly rare. At the age of twelve it had a round full sweetness, scarcely ever possessed till years afterwards. But in every thing, except perhaps in stature, her precocity was most striking. The flash of her eye had more intelligence, the lively *not* more point, the bright smile more archness, than is almost ever possessed till the hoyden girl ripens into the "young lady." Still, there was no lack of the fine springing spirits of her age. She would race along the broad bowling green at Arlescot—or canter off upon a donkey with a pad, instead of her own highly managed pony, with all the buoyant inconsequence of a mere child. And yet, at night she would rivet every ear by the melody with which she would give the songs of Ariel, or cause the most rigid to follow with admiring laughter the truth with which she rendered the mischievous archness of Puck.

Indeed, it might almost be fancied, that one could trace some connection of race between these fairy creatures, of whose doings she was so fond, and Lucy herself. She was if any thing, otherwise than tall; but formed with a perfection which gave to every motion the grace and lightness of a fay indeed. Her hair was profuse—and black as the raven's feather; her eyes—large, full, dark, brilliant—ever gave the prologue to her actual speech, by a glance of fire, of wit, or of feeling, according to the subject which engrossed her at the moment. But though, on occasion, the strongest bursts of feeling would break forth, yet the general character of her temperament undoubtedly turned towards the gay and more brilliant order of mind. Every one who met her, admired, wondered at, and delighted in, her animation, vivacity, and wit; and at the same time, could not fail to be gratified, and sometimes touched, by the indications of kind, warm, and delicate feeling which were frequently apparent; but it was only those that knew her well who were aware of the deep well head of stronger and more passionate emotions which lay, as yet almost untouched, within. And this is the true portrait of a girl not quite thirteen years old!

Time wore on; Lucy lived almost as much at Arlescot as at Wilmington, and Sir Walter had thus the opportunity to watch the maturing of her person, and the expansion of her mind. Ever the kindest of the kind, his attentions to the comforts and pleasures of his dearest friend's daughter, and his dearest sister's friend, were naturally great; and, for her own sake also, Lucy Adair was most high in the good baronet's favor. The house was always more cheerful when she was there; music, dancing, *petits jeux* of all sorts, were always far more rife while she was at Arlescot—so much so, indeed, that there often seemed to be a blank on the day after her departure. Sir Walter felt this, though he was scarcely conscious that he did so—and accordingly, exerted himself in every way to make Arlescot pleasant to "quaint Ariel," as he often called her, and to keep her there as much as possible.

"Really your brother deserves his title of Good Sir Walter," said she one day to Elizabeth—"see how he has been bedecking 'Ariel's bower,' as he calls my room. You know when I was here last, there was a debate as to which was the sweeter, heliotrope, or verbena, and when the point was referred to me, I said I could not decide between them, they were both so exquisite; and now lo! Prospero's wand itself could not have raised a more luxuriant blossoming of both plants than he has placed in cases, ornamented with moss and 'greenery,' in the embrasures of both my windows. Good, good Sir Walter!—how heartily will I sing to him tonight!

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under these blossoms that hang on the bough!"

And she did so;—and Sir Walter more than half sighed as he murmured between his teeth Prospero's thanks—"Why, that's my dainty Ariel!"—"Alas!" he added, as he gazed upon her brilliant beauty, now budding into all the attraction of dawning womanhood—"I may complete the line, and say, 'I shall miss thee!'"

Sir Walter's allusion was prompted by something which was passing in another quarter of the room, where a young gentle-

man, for whom he entertained the most sincere regard, was playing Ferdinand to Elizabeth's Miranda. "Yes," Sir Walter soliloquized in thought—"I shall lose my last, my dearest sister soon! Dear, dear Elizabeth, it wrings my heart to part from one who has engrossed that heart's best affection for so many years!—And yet, I cannot be so selfish as to wish it otherwise—as it is, she has stayed with me later than any of the others. She evidently values and loves Sir Arthur—and he is worthy of her if any man can be; heavens! what a wife, what a mother that woman will make!"

His reverie was interrupted by Lucy drawing forth Elizabeth from her corner, and engaging her in a duet, while Sir Arthur Leonard stood by

"—watching the *Voilà subtils*."

The air was lively, the words arch—but even this, and it was an old favorite, drew sighs rather than smiles from poor Sir Walter. "Ah!" thought he, "I must bid farewell to all this!—Losing one, I shall lose both, for she is not my sister," looking strongly, as he thought thus, upon Lucy's brilliant face, as it beamed in accordance with the spirit of the song—"Would that she were! But when Bessy goes, Lucy, dear, darling Lucy, must go too. I have watched her from a child—growing daily in beauty, and grace, and intelligence—and it is hard to lose her now, just when she is coming into the full possession of all she has promised from infancy. Alas! would that she were my sixth sister!"

Whether this was exactly the wish that Sir Walter really felt, I leave it to my readers to judge. At all events it was that which he formed into words in his own mind.

The wedding of Sir Arthur Leonard and Elizabeth Meynell followed not long after—and Lucy was bridesmaid. Good Sir Walter presented her with a set of pearls upon the occasion, of which, besides the ordinary ornaments, there were braids to intertwist with her raven hair, a mode equally advantageous to the snowy whiteness of the one, and the ebony hue of the other. It was scarcely possible, indeed, to see any thing more fascinating than Lucy Adair was this day, as she accompanied her friend to the altar. The beauty of Elizabeth was of a calmer and serenest order. She was near the full perfection of her charms; and the momentous importance of the occasion, and the sorrow she felt at leaving her beloved and excellent brother, gave to her countenance a chastened, and almost solemn expression, which rendered her, beautiful as she was, an object between whom and her bridesmaid no comparison could be instituted—so totally different was their appearance in every point. Lucy was shorter in stature, and of a bearing less collected and dignified—but what it lacked in these points was amply supplied by its animation and grace, its bounding and brilliant joyousness. She had no cause for grief to dash the many causes which conspired to give her delight. She left no long loved home, no dear protector who had fostered and cherished her during her whole life, as was the case with Elizabeth; she did not, like Sir Walter, lose a beloved sister and companion—her who had made home deserve that invaluable name, and whose departure now left it blank and desolate. On the contrary, to Lucy every thing on this occasion of festivity was matter of real joy. Her dearest friend was united to the man she loved—that he was also one of wealth and rank Lucy never thought of—every thing was gay and brilliant around her—there was a splendid festival—she was the queen of the day—"and that was dear Bessy's wedding day."

The ceremony was performed in the old chapel at Arlescot, and Sir Walter gave his sister away. His heart swelled heavily within his bosom as he pronounced the words—but good Sir Walter ever was ready to sacrifice his own feelings to the happiness of others, and he uttered them with a cheerful tone, though sad spirit. But when at the conclusion of the ceremony, he gave his sister the kiss of congratulation, and called upon God to bless and make her happy, the sensation that she was about to quit his roof, to leave him altogether, rose upon him with a choking gush, which speedily found vent in tears. As he turned aside to hide and to check them, Lucy gazed at him. She was deeply touched, and a cloud came over the brightness of her countenance. "Poor, poor Sir Walter!" she muttered—"no wonder that

he should grieve to lose such a sister as that! Alas! how different Arlescot will be now."

In those days, newly married couples did not whirl off in a carriage and four from the church door. The bridal festivities were animated by their presence. Accordingly, the old hall at Arlescot rang that night with sounds of revelry and rejoicing; and all were gay, and glad, and mirthful, save the host alone. His heart was indeed sad! and as yet, he did not clearly know the full cause of its sadness. In very truth, his sister's departure did give rise to pain, and spread gloom over his soul—but it was not this alone which caused the whole extent of that pain, the full deepness of that gloom. There was the feeling, also, of all that his sister's departure would carry with it—that no youthful voice, no tripping step, would awaken the echoes of the hall in which he stood—that his favorite songs and airs would no longer gladden his ear—in a word, that Lucy Adair would be gone also! Yes! great as was the difference between their ages, and dissimilar in so many respects as they were, it was nevertheless undeniable that this young and wild creature had touched the hitherto impenetrable heart of Sir Walter Meynell.

But as yet, this secret was not revealed to him. Absurd as the hackneyed assertion of love existing unconsciously usually is, there are some few occasions on which the doctrine is true; and this was one of them. Lucy had been bred up under Sir Walter's eyes—he had known her from her very birth—she had been the constant companion of a sister whom he almost considered a daughter—and his affection for both of them had, for years, been exactly of the same quality. Thus, therefore, when latterly a strong change took place in the character of that which he felt towards Lucy, although it bore copious fruits in fact, Sir Walter remained ignorant of its existence. It never struck him to regard little Lucy in any other light than that in which he had considered her so many years, while in truth, time had caused her to gain a hold upon affections never yet called into action, but not the less strong and sterling on that account.

"Oh, Sir Walter, Sir Walter!—what do you think?"—exclaimed Lucy, running to him, her whole countenance beaming with the expression of uncontrolled gaiety and pleasure—"Old Crompton, the fiddler, has composed—or got composed, poor fellow—a new tune to open the ball on Miss Lizzy's wedding night, as he chuses to call her—and he says he has given it a name which he is sure will make it find favor with her, whether the music be good or bad—he has called it 'Good Sir Walter'—Oh how delighted I shall be to dance it!"

"The more so for its name, Lucy?"

"Tenfold!—there is no one in the world so good and kind to me—no one whom I love half so well—except my father, and I assure you he is often jealous of you. Oh! how I shall delight in this dance—I shall make it the tune of the whole country. You must dance it with me, Sir Walter, in honor of our dear Bessy's bridal." Sir Walter smiled and sighed almost at the same instant, as he answered, "You know, dear Lucy, I never dance—"

"Oh, but you do!" she interrupted—"I recollect your dancing Sir Roger de Coverley with me, the day I was ten years old—and I am sure, our baronet is the better of the two. Besides, consider it is Bessy's wedding.—Such events as that do not occur every day."

"Thank God, no!" murmured Sir Walter as he took Lucy's hand and led her towards the dance.

He was deeply moved, in some degree by the attachment thus shown him by his humble neighbors, but far more by the manner in which this mark of it had been announced to him. "Alas! this is the last time I shall see her thus at Arlescot!"—thought he, as he gazed upon the brilliant creature who stood opposite to him, waiting with impatience for their turn to begin—and his heart heaved the heavier for the merry music to which they had given his name.

The first week after his sister's marriage was probably, the most wretched Sir Walter had ever passed. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible for a life to have flowed on more happily than his. The better and happier feelings of humanity had combined to render his path one of sweetness and enjoyment, and the fiercer passions had never, by their action, caused a tumult in his soul. Cheer-

fulness, had, in especial, been the characteristic of Arlescot hall;—thus poor Sir Walter, when he found himself a solitary man, suffered to a most pitiable degree. There is a term in use in some of the counties towards the midland, which we have no one word in general English to render. This word is *unlucky*. To those who know Oxfordshire, and the counties around it, its very sound will convey far more than any elaborate description I could give of Sir Walter's state. He was very *unlucky*—that is, he felt that desolate sadness, and chilly sinking of the heart, which arises from being left in solitude by those we love—but this periphrasis does not convey half what the low provincial word does to those who have been familiar with its sound.

Oh! how cheerless was his breakfast!—Instead of his sister's kind face at the top of the table (to say nothing of a brilliant one which used often to beam at the side,) there was—a blank! He literally started when, the first morning after his guests' departure, on coming into the room, he saw one solitary chair placed for him, before the great tear-urn, and all the breakfast apparatus. "I am alone then!"—he said aloud—"quite alone at last!—I shall never be able to endure this"—and truly there was no sweet voice, or friendly smile to strike upon his ear, or to meet his eye—as both eye and ear craved their accustomed objects of enjoyment.

Dinner was perhaps more intolerable still. It is probable, that Sir Walter had not dined alone for seventeen years—and those who are in the habit of making one of a happy family circle round a hospitable board, need not be told how *unlucky* a solitary dinner is.—But to Sir Walter it was totally a new state of existence. It had never occurred to him before to be alone at Arlescot!—It seemed to him a solecism in nature. "I can not endure it!"—he exclaimed, the third day, as the butler closed the door behind him, after taking away the cloth. "I will have half a dozen people here before this time tomorrow, or my name is not Walter Meynell."

Accordingly, he assembled a bachelor party, who remained with him about a week. But even this would not do for a continuance; to a man who has been in the constant habit of living in society in which there are women, a continued male party, like a regimental mess, is intolerable. When they came into the drawing room after dinner, they found no one to give change to the hunting, the politics, or the something worse which had formed their topics of conversation;—there was no music—the pianoforte closed, and the harp, in its case, frowned in fixed dumbness upon those whom they had so often charmed—there was no—in a word, there were no women in the house, and Sir Walter had never been without them before.

I am quite aware that a great deal of this may, to some hypercritical people, appear very trivial; it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, as I am sure many persons, who are something far better than hypercritical, will bear me out in asserting.

It so happened that, on the night before the last of this party were to leave him, Sir Walter, in passing along the gallery at the extremity of which his bedroom was situated, chanced to inhale the scent of the verbenas, which were still preserved in "Ariel's Bower." He opened the door, and went in. There was a strange mixture of effect in the aspect of this room, from some remains of particular and individual habitation, which were still apparent, and from its actual absence. With the careful housewifery of that day, the curtains, both of the windows and of the bed, were pinned and papered up, and a chimney board showed that there was no near prospect of a fire; but on the other hand, the heliotrope and verbena still flourished in their green beds, and shed a powerful fragrance throu'out the room; while some drawings of the house and grounds of Arlescot, which Lucy had done, hung on the walls, and gave token of who had been the occupant of the chamber.

But Sir Walter needed no such extraneous filipp to divert his mind towards Lucy. He had, indeed, though he had scarcely mentioned her name, even in his own mind, thought of little else since she had left him. But now, as he stood in her very chamber, and gazed upon the traces, not only of herself, but of her interest in Arlescot, he gave the reins to his thoughts, and drew fairy visions of events scattered through a long series of years, which had taken place during

her visits, of which she had been the heroine—and, though the last, certainly not the least, was the adventure of "Good Sir Walter," on the night of Elizabeth's wedding. "I will go over to Wilmington tomorrow," said he, after having remained some minutes surveying the room, and all that it contained—"it is time I should. Lucy will think I am forgetting her—or what is worse, she will forget me."

Sir Walter was most graciously received on his visit to Wilmington. Some little complaints were made of its delay—"I thought," said Lucy, "you had died of solitude and the ghosts, now you are left alone in that dear, rambling old house. Mercy! how desolate it must look without Elizabeth, or me, or any of us!"

"It is, indeed," said Sir Walter, with a melancholy tone, which struck Lucy with remorse, for having touched upon what she believed to be the thing that had jarred his parting from his sister.

"Nay, you must not let your sorrow for Elizabeth's departure depress you thus. She will come and visit you in the spring, and we will renew our merry doings as of yore. Mind you keep the bower in full bloom and beauty for Ariel—her blossoms that hang on the bough in particular."

"They are all thriving—I visited the bower last night—and oh! Lucy, how desolate it looked! I could scarcely bear it! yet I went again this morning, to bring a sample of the flowers to their absent owner." As he spoke, Sir Walter produced a very beautiful bouquet of the two plants so often mentioned, and gave it to Lucy.

There was a difference in this sort of tone, not easy to analyze or describe, in which Sir Walter addressed her—but which may easily be felt. He had never used it towards her but once before, and that was when he wished her a good night on the evening of Elizabeth's marriage. It was, perhaps, more rapid and stronger then, but it was more clear, firm, and decided now.

The fact is that, on the former occasion, it was unconscious, and now it was designed. The visit to Ariel's bower the night before—all the retrospect of his past feelings, and the examination of his existing ones, had served finally to dissipate the film which was already fast falling from Sir Walter's eyes. He felt that he loved Lucy Adair, and so gradually had the sentiment been gaining possession of his heart, that when, at last, he became thoroughly conscious of its existence so far from shrinking from it with the surprise and fear which he would have felt some months before, he welcomed it with delight and unchecked joy. Still, as he rode along towards Wilmington, he had felt the strongest despondency as to his chances of success. "She has always thought me so much older than herself—and, truth to say, there are some one and twenty years between us—she has known me since she was a child and looked to me as her father's friend—there are eight good years, the other way, between us again, which is some comfort—and then she is so beautiful, and of such brilliant animation and wit! No—she can never love me! And yet, I have all the feelings of long rooted affection on my side. My sister is her dearest friend—and her affection for her is unbounded. It is true that sister might almost be my daughter; but still the name of sister's friend is something!"

Accordingly, the tone of which I have spoken was purposely thrown into the voice, or rather the voice was given free scope; and all control over it being removed, it spoke in the key that nature prompted.

Sir Walter's visit ended by Mr Adair asking him to come the next day and stay a week, "as he must be so lonely at home." "Truly I am so," answered Sir Walter—"I will come most joyfully."

It so chanced that there was at this period staying in the house at Wilmington, a young gentleman, equivalent to what would now be an officer of hussars, which individual species is a more modern exotic—who had come down to shoot, and who thought that so beautiful a girl as Lucy, and the succession to the Wilmington property, might be worth adding to his exploits during his campaign in the country. But, in despite of the moustache, and the town air, and the undeniable-ness of all the appointments of the dragoon, he made but little progress in his chase a *l'heritiere*. He had not "taken her in hand," as he phrased it, more than a quarter of an hour, before she regarded him in the light of

Dogberry, and "wrote him down an ass." In truth, without being quite that, he was by no means a man to cope with Lucy Adair. She went a good deal too fast for him, and put him out of breath—she went a great deal too deep for him, and left him floating on the surface of information, in infinite fear and danger of being drowned. "Still," drawled the exquisite, (to call him by the name he would now bear,) "she will have, at least four thousand pounds a year; and as for all this nonsense, let me once marry her, and she shall not dare to say her soul's her own."

With this moderate and humane intention, the dragoon continued his siege—and on the day Sir Walter arrived, in the drawing room, waiting for dinner, he was in the act of carrying on what for him was a very brisk cannonade, when Sir Walter entered the room. If the dragoon had cut six at his unprotected skill, he could scarcely have started back with more dismay than he did at this vision of a young and tolerably well looking man in mustaches, rendering suit and service to Lucy. This was a contingency which, down in a remote part of the country, he had not at all expected—and the blow was proportionately severe.

Sir Walter advanced to Lucy, however, and though his voice shook a little, his how d'yes had all the fond friendliness of old times—perhaps a little more. Lucy dropped the dragoon, and was in the middle of a recapitulation to Sir Walter of a letter she had received that morning from Elizabeth, when dinner was announced. The officer, who had been during this time, to use a most expressive Scottish phrase, "like a hen on a hot girdle," then stepped forward, and stretching forth a pinion towards Lucy, muttered, "Permit me"—"I believe, sir," said Sir Walter, "I have the privilege of *ancienneté*—I am an older friend." So saying, he offered his arm to Lucy, who slightly bowing to the petrified equestrian, passed on with Sir Walter.

The presence, however, of this puppy was a constant blister to poor Sir Walter's feelings—though he kept a perfect command over his temper. "The fellow is handsome—there's no denying it,"—thus argued Sir Walter, who, not being able to rate him as a Cyclops chose to consider him an Apollo at once—"he wears mustaches, and belongs to a crack corps—and he is always at Lucy's ear;—" I fear this blank was filled up with an expletive not fitting to be written in these delicate times, but which may be considered as invoking upon the head of the unhappy bestirder of chargers a very hearty curse. The real fact was, Sir Walter had before his mind the constant consciousness that this man was fifteen or sixteen years younger than himself, and this was wormwood to him. It is true that Lucy gave him no encouragement—but the fellow's coolness and assurance were such that he did not seem to need any—but went on as though he was received in the most favorable manner possible. Once or twice, indeed, he was protected from annihilation by that shield thicker far than the sevenfold buckler of Ajax—namely, that of perfect and unshaken ignorance. Otherwise had a shaft from "quaint Ariel's" bow slain him more than once.

Sir Walter could not long endure this feverish state of existence. It need, therefore, cause no very great surprise that on the fifth morning of his visit—when the soldier had been peculiarly pugnacious the evening before—he said to her—"Lucy, I want to have a long conversation with you—put on your capote, and come and walk with me along the river." She complied frankly, and at once.

And now the single heartedness and open manliness of Sir Walter's character were most conspicuous. He was placed in a situation in which many men of far greater commerce with the world and with women lose all selfpossession, and behave like ninnyes. He, on the contrary, under the strong and steady impulse of a pure and generous passion, spoke, with gentleness indeed, but clearly, firmly, and straight forwardly.

"Lucy," he said, "I think you will feel great surprise at what I am about to say to you. I myself, indeed, feel great surprise that I should have it to say. Two months ago, I would not have believed it possible, and yet it is the work of years. Lucy, I love you; not with that brotherly affection which bound us with Elizabeth in such sweet union at Arlescot—but with a love in comparison with which that is pale and poor; I love you, with as fervent and as fond a passion as man

can bear towards woman. It is only since my sister's marriage that I have known this; but I now know that the sentiment has existed long—long. Oh, Lucy! you cannot conceive my desolate state of feeling when I found myself suddenly cut off from your society—I felt—I feel—that I cannot live without you." He paused for a moment to collect himself—he found that the violence of what he felt had carried him beyond what he had intended. Lucy spoke not. She kept her eyes upon the ground—her cheek was flushed—and the hand which rested on Sir Walter's arm slightly trembled. He continued. "But I must not suffer my feelings to run away with me thus—I must first learn what you feel. I am aware, perfectly aware, of all the disadvantages under which I labor. The close friendship which binds you to my sister cannot conceal the fact that I am more than twenty years older than you are—or that you may possibly consider my disposition too staid to harmonize with yours. But yet they never failed," he added in a softer and more broken tone—"we have passed happy days together—and, could you feel aught approaching to that which has gained possession of my whole soul, those days might be renewed with tenfold happiness. At all events, do not reject my suit hastily. Pause before you destroy forever the visions of joy which my busy thoughts, almost against my will, have woven for us—at least, consider what I have said."

"Sir Walter," answered Lucy, in a voice in which resolution and agitation struggled hard for mastery—"this conduct is like all your actions, candid, manly, noble. I will strive to return frankness with frankness, and to throw aside all petty evasions, as you have done. In the first place, what you have said has not caused me surprise. I have been prepared for it since your first visit here, after my return from Arlescot—and I then saw that I ought to have had nothing to learn on that score since the ball on Bessy's wedding night. Sir, I hope these acknowledgments are not unmanly—I hope not, for they are the truth. I then did feel surprise—surprise that one like Good Sir Walter Meynell should feel interest of this nature for such a wild, thoughtless, giddy girl as I am. Next it made me feel proud, that, with all my faults, such a man should have cast his eyes upon me; and lastly, the crowd of old recollections which flooded my heart and mind, made me feel that my best and dearest happiness had been known at Arlescot—and that while I had long felt towards its owner as a dear brother, a short time would enable me to love as well as respect him as a husband. You see," she added in a tone scarcely audible—"you see I am frank, indeed."

I don't know whether my readers will be surprised at this—but, *mutatis mutandis*, the same causes had worked the same effect upon Lucy as they had upon Sir Walter. She had been deeply touched by his manner, during the interval between the announcement and the celebration of Elizabeth's marriage. She saw plainly what pain the general break up of their intercourse and all their habits of daily life gave him, and it was by no means with a light heart that she had left Ariel's bower for the last time. She knew that it probably was not the last time in reality, inasmuch as when Elizabeth came to Arlescot, she would of course be there; but still she felt that it was for the last time as regarded the *lang syn* tone and footing to which she had been habituated for so many years. "Dear Good Sir Walter,"—she had said to herself, as her carriage drove from the door—"well may they call him so—for certainly, never did a better heart beat within a human bosom. Alas! for the dear days of Arlescot—I shall see them no more!"

It was on Sir Walter's visit, that the tone of voice which I have noted so minutely, and his general manner, opened Lucy's eyes to the whole truth; they might have opened the eyes of the blind. Her surprise was extreme. "Can it really be?" thought she—"Oh no—I am deceiving myself—it is only the additional kindness of manner which an absence after such a parting would naturally give. But if it should be—" And she proceeded to sift and analyze her feelings as regarded him. The result of that selfexamination we have already seen in her frank avowal to Sir Walter.

The effect of this frankness upon him it is not for me to point out. We will leave them to that most delicious of lovers' conversations—the "comparing notes," of the dates and progress of their affection.

It was just a month after Elizabeth's wedding that Sir Walter brought his bride home to Arlescot. Elizabeth herself was there to welcome her, and never did welcome spring more strongly from the heart. The idea of the union of her brother with her friend had never crossed her mind—but, when he wrote to inform her of his approaching marriage, she was in amazement that she had not always desired and striven to unite them.

"Here is her bower, decked for Ariel,"—said Sir Walter, as he led his bride into this loved chamber, which was now changed from a bedroom to a boudoir. She started; in addition to her favorite flowers growing in their accustomed beds, and her drawings of Arlescot, which were mounted in splendid frames, there was over the chimney-piece a full length portrait of herself, as Ariel, mounting into the air, after her freedom has been given to her by Prospero.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, in the first moments of her surprise—but then recollecting the interpretation her words might bear, she added quickly, and with blushes, "I mean the painting."

"It is all beautiful!" said Sir Walter.—"How often have I seen you look exactly thus as you have sung 'Merrily, merrily,' and I have almost thought you would rise into the air."

"I will change the word to 'Happily,' now," said Lucy, in a low tone, "and you need not fear that I should wish to leave the blossoms of this bower. But hark! I hear music."

"Yes!" said Sir Arthur Leonard, who looked from the window—"there are the maidens of the village come to strew flowers for you to walk on as you go to the chapel—and there is old Crompton, with his followers, at their head. You hear what tune it is he is playing to herald you to your bridal."

"Certainly I do," answered Lucy, in a low tone, "Good Sir Walter!"

ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.—Man is a compound being; his nature consists of two essential parts, body and mind. Each of these parts of the human constitution has its peculiar uses, and is susceptible of peculiar gratifications. The body is furnished with external senses, which are both the sources of pleasure and the inlets of knowledge; and the Creator has furnished the universe with objects fitted for their exercise and gratification. While these pleasures are directed by the dictates of reason, and confined within the limits prescribed by the Divine law, they are so far from being unlawful, that in the enjoyment of them we fulfil one of the purposes for which our Creator brought us into existence. But the pursuit of sensitive pleasures is not the ultimate end of our being; we enjoy such gratifications in common with the inferior animals; and in so far as we rest in them as our chief good, we pour contempt on our intellectual nature, and degrade ourselves nearly to the level of the beasts.

Man is endowed with intellectual powers, as well as with organs of sensation; with faculties of a higher order, and which admit of more varied and sublime gratifications, than those which the senses can produce. By these faculties we are chiefly distinguished from the lower orders of animated existence, in the proper exercise and direction of them; we experience the highest and most refined enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible, and are gradually prepared for the employments of that immortal existence to which we are destined. The corporeal senses were bestowed chiefly in subservency to the powers of intellect, and to supply materials for thought and contemplation; and the pleasures peculiar to our intellectual nature, rise as high above mere sensitive enjoyments, as the rank of man stands in the scale of existence above that of the fowls of the air, or the beasts of the forest. Such pleasures are pure and refined; they are congenial to the character of a rational being; they are more permanent than mere sensitive enjoyments; they can be enjoyed when worldly comforts are withdrawn and when sensual gratifications can afford no delight; they afford solace in the hours of retirement from the bustle of business, and consolation amid the calamities and afflictions to which humanity is exposed; and the more we acquire a relish for such pleasures, the better shall we be prepared for associating with intelligences of a higher order in the future world.

All men originally love external nature. In difference to its beauties is but the effect of exclusion from their observation.

INFANCY.

BY STEPHEN SIMPSON.

Of all the objects of the human affection—of all the beautiful productions of human nature, in her highest and sublimest grade—of all the subjects for the observation of wisdom, and the study of philosophy—infantile intelligence is the most engaging, the most touching, the most delightful, and in our opinion, the most instructive. There is a charm in the infancy of rational being, that, by comparison, sinks all nature into littleness. It is a charm that entwines round every heart, that speaks to the feeling and reason of all; and that even unintelligent brutes seem to reverence; and since an infant has been made the image, the emblem, and the very substance of God, appears to embody our conceptions of divinity itself. I know not how those feel who have never been sanctified and exalted by the sensibilities of a parent. But, for myself, I know of no object in nature so lovely, so interesting, so divine, as an infant. The beauty, proportion and exquisite delicacy of its structure; the limbs and grace of a Venus or Adonis in miniature, stripped of all their grosser properties, and the ethereal mildness, that, like an atmosphere of music in a garden of perfumes, surrounds it, gives it a charm almost too captivating for the chances of mortality to which its destiny has made it subject! I never behold an infant without feeling a deep emotion of tenderness sink to my heart. I never reflected on the event of its transition to a sphere more congenial to its purity, without venting a sigh over the condition of its frail being, though "mortal doth put on immortality" and the purity of earth is beatified in heaven.

Infants asleep melt even savage bosoms into heavenly softness. Awake, the dawning progress of reason, like the rising sunbeams glistening over a lovely garden, fills us with admiring attention, and inspires that love which judgment approves and extends. It is when they are breathing balmy slumbers, however, that we feel most intensely interested—it is then the idea of their defenceless and helpless state comes in, to give still greater force to affection, and it is then, that we imagine angels and gods to be hovering, with perfumed wings, over their noiseless breathings, watchful and anxious of their fate.

A man, who has no child, is ignorant of more than half his nature. A woman, who has never been so blessed, is only woman in name. Our natures are only fully developed by progeny. Our children open the floodgates, not merely of our hearts, but they cause the rich milk of wisdom to gush from our minds. Those, who have a child, have a bond on their hearts for virtue, which no law could ever approach in force and power.

It is almost impossible, at least, extremely rare—for a woman to be amiable, benevolent, tender, and affectionate, who has never borne a child; and it is almost impossible for her to swerve from virtue, if she has an infant. Married women, who have children, seldom or never prove unfaithful to their lords. The singular exception in the case of Mrs Whipple,* who added to adultery the monstrous crime of conniving at (*lege*, instigating) the murder of her husband, is happily for our nature, mitigated by the fact of an intellectual weakness bordering on fatuity. It has always appeared to me impossible that a mother could prove an adulteress! There is something in the innocence of a child so hallowing—so soul subduing—that it seems to purify all around it, to extinguish all unhaste fires, banish all base passions, hush all angry, or discordant thro'ts! It is on this account, I love and prefer the society of children above all other company. Hypocrisy is the fruit of education and experience. Children are frank, open, undisguised, and confiding. Their little hearts are in their full bloom spring; their affections are all in blossom, and it is delightful to inhale their fragrance, and taste their sweets. But every year, added to their age, detracts from their charms; and they cease to be lovely and fascinating, as they cease to be innocent, ingenuous, tender, and gay.

Against men who live a single life, no denunciation need be hurled; for natural want of feeling, sentiment, and refined passion can not be imputed as a crime, besides, that their condition carries with it its own misery. Few live single who are gifted by nature

*We believe that the adulterous murderers had no children.—Ed.

with any portion of estimable qualities; except women, who by the laudable edicts of chastity, are restrained from advancing to the cultivation of the tender passion. Old maids, as they are termed, are living monuments of crushed hearts, sacrificed for the general good, in compliance with the laws and customs of virtue. That they are wretched, is natural, unavoidable, and results from the end of their being having been accomplished. Instead of looking for all the amiable and endearing affections, in that class of withered beings, we ought rather to search for severity! moroseness, and all the fruits of disappointment; and in this search we ought to be satisfied, rather than surprised, that such just expectations are realized; and to be agreeably disappointed, when we find the amiable virtues of their hearts in full blossom.

The associations, incident to the subject, have naturally drawn me away from the main question. I started to pluck the luscious fruits and fragrant blossoms of paradise, and have strayed into naked barren, amidst rocks, brambles and thorns. To be highly blessed is always to be liable to extreme misery.—They, who enjoy the felicity of having offspring, are exposed to the danger of losing them; not only by the common accidents of life, but by that most appalling of all terrific destroyers, hideous death! At this spectacle, the heart of the parent is crushed beneath a blow, always terrific—often fatal.

Nothing but wrostricken parentage can imagine the agony, with which a father or mother bends in convulsive sorrow over the dead body of a child! Creation, at such a moment, is lost in the one grand and consuming passion of grief. Despair stands ready to seize upon the heart. The world and all its charms, gaities, follies, and allurements are unseen, unremembered, undesired! We feel as if we could only get rest by sinking into the same tomb with our cold and blessed child! In life how lovely! In death, how like an angel! The pure and bright features of infancy, cut as it were in alabaster, and then—but yesterday, and all was life, motion, joy—prattling innocence, and jocund mirth! In such grief, the spirit strives to burst from its clay tenement; and in the effort, convulsions, horror and despair ensue. What but the hand of heaven can then save the frantic spirit from the dark abyss?

Yet even in death, there is a loveliness still clinging round a child, which rivals that of all other creatures even when stripped of the blossom of life. It is this very angelic beauty that makes grief so heartbreaking to fathers and mothers. Who, that has ever lost an infant, can forget the image of its mortal and withered frame? Mysterious, incomprehensible death! Thou bafflest speculation, deridest sorrow, triumphest over all! "Suffer little children to come unto me! for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" said the immaculate though incarnated Atoner.—*North American Magazine.*

EFFECT OF OIL ON WATER.—The following is a secret worth knowing:—In rough weather, they (the fishermen of the Bosphorus) spread a few drops of oil on the surface, which permits them to see clearly to a great depth. I was aware, that oil would calm the surface of the sea; but until recently, I did not know that it rendered objects more distinct beneath the surface. A trinket, of some value, had been dropped out of one of the upper windows of our palace into the Bosphorus; which, at this place, was ten or twelve feet. It was so small, that dragging for it, would have been perfectly fruitless, and it was accordingly given up for lost, when one of the servants proposed to drop a little oil on the surface. This was acceded to, with however, but faint hopes of success. To our astonishment, the trinket immediately appeared in sight, and was eventually recovered.—*De Kay's Sketches in Turkey.*

PATIENCE.—There is a flower called Patience, i. e. Rhubarum Monachorum. This flower grows not in every one's garden; for the soil is either too barren, or the atmosphere too changeable for it to flourish there. To have patience, the mind must be calm, and the affections subdued, or the plant instantly decays.

He who has opportunities to inspect the sacred moments of elevated minds, and seizes none, is a son of dullness; but he who turns those moments into ridicule, will betray with a kiss, and in embracing, murder.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

[Concluded.]

Some time in the year 1816 or 1817, a person named San Martin, who frequently visited Charles, happened to converse with him on the extraordinary fortunes of Godoy. In the course of the conversation, the exking, as if himself astonished at the rise of a man of no birth, innocently asked to what circumstance it could possibly be traced. San Martin thoughtlessly replied, "To the wellknown passion of the queen, without doubt." Strange to say, this was the first time that this unwelcome truth had reached the ear of Charles. He never had the slightest suspicion of the infidelity of his wife—but now a thousand circumstances rushed upon his memory to establish her guilt. To his honor it must be added, that he quitted her society instantly, and sought refuge at the court of Naples. But the intelligence which he had obtained so unexpectedly was a blow from which he never recovered. He died very soon after. His consort, who, it is said, repented towards the end of her life of her early crimes, followed him to the tomb in 1819, and in the year 1823, Godoy was also numbered among the dead.

Before Ferdinand quitted Spain, he solicited from Napoleon the hand of one of the princesses of his family. While at Valengay he repeated his wishes on this point more than once, in terms which rendered him the laughingstock of the imperial court. But the events which took place in the peninsula and the north of Europe, in 1812 and 1813, produced an important alteration in Ferdinand's fortunes. No longer a prisoner, he was restored to his throne and his country; and if, instead of spending his exile at Valengay in indolent repose or puerile amusements, he had endeavored to repair the deficiencies of his education, he might have raised Spain from her ruins to the rank which she deserves as one of the first-rate powers in Europe. Never had a monarch a more favorable opportunity of placing upon a secure foundation the happiness and prosperity of his people, than Ferdinand possessed when, from the Pyrenees, he once more looked down upon the fertile fields of Spain. He had pledged himself to the maintenance of the leading principles of the constitution. He might have easily reformed the political errors with which the theory of that scheme abounded, and have reconciled all the useful attributes of his crown with the freedom of his subjects; but with the levity which disgraced his character, he flung the volume of the constitution into the fire, the moment he heard the enthusiastic "*vivas*" with which he was saluted on all sides upon passing the frontiers. He dismissed in the most insulting terms, the cortes which had been mainly instrumental in the preservation of his throne, and proclaimed his resolution to extinguish every trace of that liberal spirit which had been the liberator of his country. Ingratitude and folly combined to plunge him in a course of evil government, which for six years placed every respectable family in the kingdom in a state of constant alarm. The blood of some of the best men of Spain—of men who had fought heroically against the enemy for their hearths and altars—was shed upon the ignominious scaffold. Compelled, at length, by the sudden revolution of 1820, to accept a new version of the constitution, he basely temporized with the events of the hour. Immediately after swearing in the most solemn manner faithfully to perform the duties assigned to him by the new order of things, he despatched agents to Louis XVIII. who carried his secret protest against the acts which he executed in public. His conduct during the three years of the constitution was marked by so many indications of insincerity, that we are surprised at the facility with which the leading men of the cortes suffered him to lead them, step by step, to their own ruin. From the recovery of his absolute power, through the intervention of France, to the last hour of his existence, his sole object seemed to have been how he might render it most injurious to the country that was intrusted to his care. The massacre or exile of all her most enlightened men; the desolation of her towns and villages; the destruction of her internal and foreign trade; the total loss of her noble colonies; her degradation in the scale of Europe, where she scarcely ranks as a third-rate power, remain to mark the reign of Ferdinand VII. as an epoch of disaster and shame in the annals of the peninsula.

Nevertheless, the personal biographer of the late king might find some traits in his character, which, though they could not, indeed, redeem his political transgressions, must secure him, at least, from being considered as his nefarious mother pronounced him to be—

—"Monstrum nulla virtute redentum."

I myself have witnessed the condescension with which he attended to the petitions of the poor. Loitering one day about the palace of Madrid, which, by the way, is well worth the attention of a stranger, as one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in Europe, my attention was attracted by a number of state carriages which were proceeding towards the principal entrance. I followed them almost instinctively, and soon found myself stationed among a number of grenadier guards, who were drawn up near the lower steps of a magnificent staircase. In the passage to which the staircase opened there were seven or eight old women, with papers in their hands, ready for presentation. In a few minutes the king and queen (his third wife Amelia, of Saxony) descended, followed by a brilliant group of officers in full dress. The king wore a dark blue coat, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, white smallclothes, white silk stockings, a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The queen was then little more than twenty years of age, but her pale countenance already disclosed symptoms of that broken heart which soon after found repose in the grave. Her figure, which was slight and elegantly formed, was nearly enveloped in a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine. She wore on her head a pink hat, without feathers. Her appearance contrasted strongly with that of Ferdinand, as he handed her into the carriage. It is well known that his chin and lower lip were nearly in a right line with the extremity of a nose of no ordinary dimensions. The deformity of his features was, in some degree, palliated by large mustachios. But although his figure was erect, manly, and even princely, I could not help thinking, when he took his seat by his fragile consort, of the celebrated story of "Beauty and the Beast," until I beheld him taking, with his own hand, through the still open door, the petitions of the poor people whom he called to him for the purpose. His swarthy rude face was suddenly lighted up with an expression of kindness, which shewed that he was not wholly unaccustomed to acts of a benevolent description. I know not whether any of these supplicants ever received any answer to their representations; but I saw that they were already half satisfied, at least, by what I may really call the paternal smiles of their sovereign.

This royal attention to the lower orders is a practice of an ancient date in Spain. During the prevalence of the constitution, Ferdinand was not, indeed, allowed to give audiences to inferior persons, as suspicions were entertained, not without good grounds, that plots were often in preparation for effecting the escape of the royal family from Madrid to the French frontiers. But when the constitution was destroyed, the king resumed his former habits on this point, and once or twice every week admitted all persons, without any distinction of rank, to his presence. He rose generally at six, and soon after took a cup of chocolate and a cigar. His morning was passed in the apartments of the queen, and it is understood that he never was so happy in them as since they were occupied by her present majesty. He became devotedly attached to her from the moment that she gave those hopes, which were afterwards realized, of continuing his race—an object which he had always looked forward to with the utmost solicitude. He transacted business with his ministers regularly between twelve o'clock and halfpast two, when he dined. He then drove out with the queen for two or three hours, after which he saw any person whom he had appointed to attend him. He supped at halfpast eight, and retired early. During the whole of Ferdinand's reign, the manners of the Spanish court were extremely simple and unostentatious. He never had any avowed mistresses; indeed, after his restoration in 1814, he is said to have been without any liaison of that kind. The offices of religion were regularly performed every day in the beautiful chapel of the palace. But Ferdinand was at no time of his life impressed with the necessity of attending earnestly to that subject. He had, in this respect, more of the character of Louis XVIII. in him

than of Charles X. The story of the embroidered petticoat has never been denied—so far, at least, as the presentation of such an ornament by Ferdinand to a particular church. This proceeding was, however, rather the result of his superstition, than of his religion, between which there is not only a distinction, but a wide difference. Pascal was a thoroughly religious man, without a particle of superstition. Napoleon was superstitious in the extreme; but his most republican enemies never accused him of religion.

The society of Madrid has been uniformly grave since the war of independence. The poverty of the nobles, who suffered enormous losses of property at that period, has been, perhaps, the principal cause of this revolution in the manners of a capital which had long been remarkable for its gaiety. The personal dispositions and habits of Ferdinand gave moreover a tone of reserve and retirement to the court, which necessarily exercised an influence upon society. Brought up, I may say, a prisoner, and confined for nearly six years at Valengay, at a period of life when the character is most susceptible of permanent impressions, he was accustomed to find his pleasures and amusements within a narrow circle. He was, in truth, extremely domestic—too much so for a king. He smoked so great a number of cigars during the course of the day, that his breath was quite tainted with that unpleasant aftermath which tobacco leaves behind it. He ate also, sometimes, inordinately. An over-indulgence in this way brought on the fit of apoplexy which terminated in his death. He drank very little more wine than Spaniards do in general; but it was always of the best description. For some years he had been afflicted with the gout, a complaint of which he fully availed himself, in order to delay his departure with the cortes to Seville, in 1823. The communication to him of the resolutions of that body for the removal of the court brought on an attack of that malady, which, according to his own report, tortured him incessantly for three weeks; but when the legislative physicians expressed an apprehension that it might, if it continued longer, lead to insanity, which would render the appointment of a regent indispensable, the disease quitted him with miraculous expedition.

Ferdinand paid little attention to the grandes of Spain. His confidential ministers were seldom selected from that class. He was partial, rather than otherwise, to *parvenus*; and felt a pleasure in raising men to office who had often little to recommend them, beyond the talents which they exhibited in administering to his private amusements. His real courtiers were frequently persons of very low birth and station. At one period of his life, the most influential man in Spain was Chamarro, who was nothing more than a buffoon; but his fantastic tricks made Ferdinand laugh immoderately, and nothing was refused to his solicitations. He was so much pleased with Montenegro, who was one of his valets at Valengay, that he appointed him intendant of the royal palaces, and bestowed upon him, moreover, abundant marks of his favor. The queen (Maria Isabella) fully participated in the king's attachment to this servant. Happening one day to be engaged in fastening a cross of Charles III. to a ribbon of that order, she desired Montenegro to hold one of the ends of the ribbon. He knelt on one knee for the purpose, desirous of performing her majesty's commands in the most respectful manner. The king, suddenly entering the apartment by a private door, beheld this apparent scene of gallantry with indignation; not perceiving how Montenegro was employed, and urged by an irrepressible feeling of jealousy, he rushed past the queen and knocked him down at full length on the floor. The queen shrieked, a number of domestics immediately hastened to her assistance; in the confusion, Montenegro got up as well as he could and ran away. But when the affair was explained, Ferdinand had the grace to be ashamed of himself, and the quondam valet was raised to higher favor than ever.

It was, perhaps, a very natural trait in such a character as that of Ferdinand, that there was very little constancy in his preferences of this description. He was remarkably tenacious in causing it to be believed that he acted in all things from his own unbiassed opinions, although every body about him well knew that he frequently made or rescinded appointments, from the reports which were daily repeated to him even by the lowest of his domestics. He encouraged them at all times to tell him of what was going on in Madrid; and it is understood that they availed themselves frequently of these opportunities to recommend or baffle the views of those whom they wished to serve or to injure. Whenever he had any reason to suspect that any particular individual was considered out of doors as his favorite, he forthwith discarded that person from his presence. He was never believed to have entertained anything like a sincere attachment for his court companions, with the exception, perhaps, of a single instance. Lozano de Torrez, the nephew of a once well-known matchmaker of the same name in London, was the son of a carpenter at Cadiz, where, in his early days he sold chocolate. By some accident he obtained employment in the commissariat during the war of independence; he dis-

charged his duties with considerable ability. When the king returned to Spain, Lozano, who was then at Badajoz, addressed to him a letter full of protestations of the most devoted zeal, and of bitter complaints against the liberals. This order was answered by an order, directing Lozano to proceed to Madrid, where he was admitted at once to Ferdinand's confidence. Lozano was the most ingenious of courtiers. He wanted nothing for himself. His whole ambition was to serve about the person of his sovereign, in whose fortunes he felt a sympathetic interest which he could not describe, the cause of which was to him inexplicable. It seemed to him as if his heart must have been framed, as it were, in the same mould with that of the king. He wore Ferdinand's portrait in his bosom, knelt before it as an idol, and appeared to live only for his royal master. Whenever his opinion was asked upon any subject, he gave it candidly, always most disinterestedly; several valuable appointments were offered him—he refused them all. He would rather be a lackey in the palace than captain-general of the two Castiles.

After a due course of servitude, Lozano was prevailed upon to accept the office of minister of state; that is to say, secretary of foreign affairs. Now this was a post to which, more than to any other, usage had established a certain right of succession among the members of that department,—gentlemen who had previously served abroad in a diplomatic capacity, who, of course, were acquainted with foreign languages, conversant with the whole train of pending negotiations, and experienced in official forms. Well knowing that they could not speedily be replaced, they resolved to resign in a body rather than serve under Lozano. He prudently yielded to the storm. To the astonishment of the nation the eidevant vender of chocolate was next appointed minister of grace and justice, which placed in his hands the entire patronage of the magistracy and the church. But he flattered the clergy, encouraged the fanatics, persecuted the liberals, terrified Ferdinand with the numerous conspiracies against the throne and the church which he daily discovered, and kept his place. A droll proof of Ferdinand's credulity, with respect to Lozano's sympathies, has been related by one of his biographers. The courtier was in the habit of sending a messenger every morning to inquire how the king passed the night. On one occasion the answer was, that his majesty had suffered from a severe fit of the colic. The moment Lozano heard this he ordered his carriage, posted to the palace in his dressing gown, and demanded an audience upon business of extraordinary importance. Ferdinand, who was by this time convalescent, ordered him to be admitted. Seeing Lozano in such a dress, his face pale, and his hair in disorder, he eagerly inquired what was the matter. "Oh!" exclaimed the minister of grace and justice, "oh, señor, I have had such a terrible attack of the colic; I have been ill with it all night," and then he went on minutely detailing the symptoms (which he had not experienced) of that agreeable complaint. "Wonderful!" cried Ferdinand; "they are precisely the pains which I have suffered myself; how very wonderful!" "Not at all wonderful, señor," replied Lozano, "nothing certainly can happen to your majesty without happening to me also. While you were ill I was ill. Now that you are better, I feel recovered again." At length Lozano fell into disgrace, and was exiled from Madrid. Ferdinand, when his liking was over, used often to laugh at the impositions which this fellow practised upon him.

The suddenness with which Ferdinand constructed and dissolved his cabinets formed an essential part of his absolute system. He has presided at important councils, heard propositions discussed, to which he gave his unqualified assent, ordered the ministers, to whose department the execution of them belonged, to attend him with the necessary decrees the next morning; and before the morning came those very ministers might have been met with on their journey to a *precidio*.

I have never seen a good portrait of Ferdinand. The artists may say that it was impossible to sketch one, on account of the singular mobility of his features, sometimes sombre in the extreme, sometimes so gay and lively, that they hardly seemed to belong to the same person. Often when his brow was overcast with a shade, which deepened the habitual gloom of his shagged lips and chin, his eyes betrayed a pensive expression that made them for the moment almost beautiful. But it was 'beauty sleeping in the lap of horror.' He spoke generally with a nervous precipitation, indicative of the shallow source from which his thoughts emanated. He was a wrongheaded man, irascible, obstinate, and selfish. He died under the impression which he always entertained, that he was the most popular man in Spain. Perhaps he was; but he has not left a single individual in the world who laments his departure with a genuine tear.

By his repeal of the Salic law, he has bequeathed to the peninsula a civil war, which, in whatever way it may terminate, will necessarily throw back that fine country another half century, in addition to the period in which she is already behind the rest of Europe as to all the great improvements of modern civilization. Du-

ring the reign of Charles II. a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Manzanares navigable to the point where it falls into the Tagus, and the Tagus navigable from that point to Lisbon. The proposal was laid before the council of Castile, and the answer of that enlightened body was to this effect: "That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such. As he had not done it, it was evident he did not think that any thing of the kind ought to be effected. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of Providence, and to mend the imperfections which he designedly left in his works." Strange to say, this doctrine is still practically enforced in Spain. The great public works begun before the war still remained unfinished. The few projects which have been since approved remain on paper, through the want of means for carrying them into execution. There is no country in the world in which so many natural facilities exist for the creation of canals, none in which such means of communication are so much required. But the only attempts at such achievements worth speaking of are the canals of the Ebro and of Castile, both of which were abandoned before they were extended to any considerable length. The civil war will postpone their completion to the next century.

It must be confessed that the contests for crowns now going on in Portugal and Spain between brother and brother, uncle and niece, are sufficiently calculated to make the inhabitants of those devoted countries envious of the democratic tranquillity and prosperity of the United States. Don Miguel has drawn upon himself the odium of every honorable mind. His conduct, since he left our shores to execute the functions of regent; has been so perfidious, that we all have felt a kind of personal anxiety to witness his downfall. But we suspect that the people of this country are almost indifferent to the result of the struggle about to be commenced in the other kingdom of the peninsula. The manifesto of the queenregent may have been a very politic one at home; abroad, at least in France and England, it has ruined her cause. If she is to govern without a cortes, what guarantee are we to receive that she will not turn out as great a fanatic as Don Carlos is already reputed to be? The possession of absolute power in the midst of contending parties is necessarily calculated to lead to persecution. What matters it to the unfortunate Spaniards whether they are lawfully hanged by the court or butchered by the guerrillas? M. M.

SPIDERS' WEBS.—We find, in the introduction to etymology by Kirby and Spence, a very curious description of the means employed by spiders in warping their webs. The author, after having described the four little spiders, as they call them, which produce a visible silk, explains the procedure of this little insect, whose work he compares to the spinning wheel of the rope maker. Each spider is pierced with an infinite number of holes, like the drawing plate of a gold wire drawer, and these holes are so small and tight, that the space which a pin would occupy would contain more than a thousand such. From each of these issues a thread of inconceivable fineness, which instantly unites with the others to form but one. The four spiders each making their thread in the same manner and in the same time, the result is that there are 4 threads alike, which, at the distance of about a tenth of an inch, reunite also to form the silk which we are accustomed to see, and which the spider makes use of to spin her web. Thus the thread of a spider drawn by the smallest species, and so delicate that the eye can scarcely perceive it, is not, as is generally thought, a single thread, but in reality a cord, which contains not less than four thousand of them.

But to understand perfectly this wonder of nature, it is necessary to follow the calculations of the learned Leuwenhoeck, agreeably to his microscopic observations. He has found that the thread of the smallest spider, of which some are not as large as a grain of sand, were of such a fineness that it would be necessary to unite more than four millions to form the thickness of a hair. Now we know that each of this series is always composed of four thousand threads; it follows then that sixteen millions of threads, drawn by the little spider, have not the thickness of a hair.

EXCERPTS.—Let us rather consider what we ought to do ourselves, than hearken after the doings of others. The stories of our neighbors' errors tend but little to the reformation of our own.

There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect, that winds into deep affections which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach.

We should endeavor to poetize our existence; to keep it clear of the material and grosser world. Music, flowers, verse, beauty, natural scenery, the abstractions of natural philosophy, the spiritual refinements of religion, are all important to that end.

General Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—The following extract from the king's speech, on opening the session of the chambers of peers and deputies, includes all that refers more particularly to the domestic relations of France. The address was delivered on the 24th of December.

"France has continued in undisturbed tranquillity since our last session, and the enjoyment of the blessings of order and peace. Throughout the country, industry and labor meet with their reward. The population, occupied and peaceful, feels assured of the stability of our institutions, of my fidelity in watching over them, and that public security is the pledge of national prosperity. It was by guaranteeing our rights, protecting our interests, and by the equity and moderation of our policy, that we have obtained these happy results. In order to render them lasting, we shall persevere with energy and patience in the same system. An unceasing vigilance is still necessary; insensate passions and culpable manoeuvres are at work to undermine the foundations of social order. We will oppose to them your loyal concurrence, the firmness of the magistrates, the activity of the administration, the courage and patriotism of the national guard and the army, the wisdom of the nation, enlightened as to the danger of those illusions, which those who attack liberty, in pretending to defend it, still seek to propagate—and we will insure the triumph of constitutional order and our progress in civilization. It is thus, gentlemen, that we shall at length put an end to revolutions, and accomplish the wishes of France. I thank her for the support which she has given me. I thank her for the tokens of confidence and affection with which she has surrounded me. I received them with emotion in such of the provinces as I have been able to visit; and I render thanks to Providence for the blessings which our country already enjoys, and for those of which the future holds out a promise. You also, gentlemen, will second me in my endeavors to protect the increase of our national wealth, in opening to our commerce and industry new sources of prosperity, and to spread ease with labor throughout all classes of the population. I hope that the new law of customs, while it evinces the progress of our industry, will conciliate the protection that is due to it, with those principles of wise liberty which enlightened governments are disposed to admit. Popular instruction has received, thanks to your concurrence, a salutary repulse. The finance laws, and those required by the execution of treaties, will be speedily presented to you. The public revenue improves, and every thing foretells that it will continue to follow the ascending movement of our prosperity."

GREECE.—The following items relative to the affairs of Greece are contained in a Vienna paper of the 6th of December: "Tranquillity continues to prevail in Greece, and trade is becoming brisk; considerable orders have been received at Trieste from Greek houses. The post communication with Nauplia, which the Greek government has started by regular packet boats, is of great benefit to commerce, and may serve to render Greece entrepot for the trade between the Mediterranean and the east. The Greek regency has done wonders during its short administration, and deserves the thanks, not of Greece alone, but of all commercial nations. The cultivation of the soil is now the object of its attention, and the happiest results are anticipated." The following is from Trieste, dated the 2d instant: "The news from Greece continues good. Colocotroni's son has been arrested."

Extract of a letter from Smyrna, dated the 16th November: "The pacha has ceded to the inhabitants of Crete every thing they demanded. He admits that a monopoly to the extent of that which he enforces in Egypt would in Crete be more injurious than beneficial to him."

SPAIN.—The Memorial Bordelais, of the 16th December, has a letter, of the 7th, from Madrid, which, after announcing the flight of Don Carlos from Miranda, on the arrival of Gen. Rodil, as has been already stated, adds: "The flight of the Carlists was so rapid, that they left some of their horses in the hands of Rodil. On the 1st inst. at 4 o'clock in the morning, Miranda was surrounded, and, at break of day, the approach of General Rodil was announced. The gates were thrown open, and the governor received Rodil as a friend, offering to submit to whatever conditions he might dictate. Don Carlos was ignorant of the late success of the queen, and his partisans in Spain made him believe that his journey to Madrid would be as easily accomplished as the march of Gen. Rodil to Miranda, which the infante was forced to leave precipitately, in company with a rector, a jesuit, a Frenchman, who is his first confidant, and some exbody guards."

The Memorial has also the following letter from Bayonne, dated Dec. 4th: "Zabala's band is now the most numerous and the most dreaded in Biscay. A detachment from the troops of Valdez is gone in pursuit of it. This was necessary; for, owing to the terror it excited among

the peasantry, and the threats it made use of to induce them to take up arms, it had collected a great many recruits." Extract of a letter from Bilbao, dated the 12th: "Gen. Pastor, coming from Madrid, and directing his march to our province, at the head of 5,000 men, made his entry into Vittoria on the 9th. We expect him here shortly. The day before yesterday, 200 men of the royal guards, attacked and overthrew a Carlist party. The affair took place between Marquita and Navarria, seven leagues from Bilbao. At the first shock the Carlists took to flight; thirteen of their number were killed, and some were made prisoners. El Pastor, after having beaten a strong detachment of armed peasants near Guernica, proceeded to Tolosa with the intention, it is said, of equipping upwards of a hundred volunteers who had joined him in Biscay. Much was said yesterday of a terrible conflict which had taken place at Orduña, in which more than 200 Carlists had been killed. Positive particulars will, doubtless, arrive today relative to the issue of this engagement; the defeat of the Carlists appears, nevertheless, certain."

A letter from Barcelona, of the 6th inst., gives the following: "Although, as yet, all is tranquil in this principality, a party of insurgents has been formed at Morella, which was at first composed of only 2,000 men, but which now comprises 6,000. They have taken the road to the camp of Tarragon. Count Negin, ex-colonel of the royal guards, is at their head."

A second edition of the *Indicateur*, of Bordeaux, of the 16th inst., contains the following: "The Madrid mail has only brought letters from Vittoria. It is stated in the capital that, at a recent council, the important question of the cortes bonds was agitated. The discussion led to no result, for the majority of the members declared that the state of the finances of Spain would not allow that part of the debt to be taken into consideration. The minister who made the proposition was not even permitted to finish what he had to say upon the subject."

A Spanish journal, called the *Estrella*, mentions a battle having taken place before Santarem, but which is not noticed by the ordinary sources of intelligence, which, in general, are more prompt. The *Estrella* says that Don Miguel was wounded in fighting against the troops of his brother, which Don Pedro commanded in person. We do not know whether the two brothers actually fought hand to hand, still the fact is sufficiently deplorable in this civilized age.

GERMANY.—The Frankfort Gazette of the 15th December, has the following from Berlin, dated the 14th: "The president of Westphalia has made known, that all families who may be about to emigrate to America, and who intend passing through France, will only have their passports granted to them on condition that, on arriving at the French frontier, they can produce a sum of 800*fr.* for the head of the family, and 430*fr.* for every other individual of the party."

NORTH MAGNETIC POLE.—At a meeting of the royal society, on Thursday evening last, a memoir was read from Captain Ross, of the discovery of the north magnetic pole. He began by stating the importance attached to the solution of this difficult and perplexing problem, assigning, as the chief impediments to its investigation hitherto, the unequal distribution of magnetic influence, and the difficulty of approaching the magnetic foci. Great advances, however, had been made; Professor Faraday all but demonstrated the identity of magnetism and electricity; the observations of Sabine, Franklin, Parry, Foster, &c., had shown in what direction the point of magnetic concentricity was to be sought. Before leaving England, Capt. Ross had obtained from the admiralty a dipping needle, constructed by Jones, whose accuracy had been tested in previous expeditions. From some defect in the verticle circle, the observations made prior to 1831 are not very perfect, but that defect was remedied when discovered. The table of observations showed that the differences of observations were remarkable and great, but they also proved the tendency of errors to correct each other. When, from these observations, the direction in which the magnetic pole should be sought had been determined with tolerable precision, it was feared that it could only be approached by a land journey, the accomplishment of which was beyond the limited powers of the expedition. But these fears were dispelled by the discovery of the great western ocean.

The party first sent to explore brought back only some imperfect indications of the object of their search, because they could only take with them a small supply of instruments; but when it appeared that another winter should necessarily be spent in these regions, Capt. Ross made the necessary preparations for a more accurate survey. In May, 1831, he landed on the coast, and by a series of observations determined the place of the magnetic meridian, and, at least approximately, the position of the magnetic pole. Capt. Ross detailed, minutely, all the tests used to determine that the place where he stood was the point of magnetic concentricity, and, so far as the evidence of instruments is decisive, the fact of the discovery was established. But he candidly added, that further investigations, and

more especially accurate observations to the northwest and southwest of the place indicated, are necessary, to ascertain the limits of error. These investigations he deemed an object worthy of national attention, because magnetism was peculiarly a British science. Besides ascertaining the position of the pole, it would be also of importance to determine its diurnal and annual motion, and its periodic variations, if any such exist. The place ascertained to be either the precise spot, or one in its immediate vicinity, was easily attainable; and he expressed his hopes that the British flag would soon wave on the magnetic pole. In the course of this interesting paper, Capt. Ross has paid a merited compliment to Felix Booth, esq., by whose aid, chiefly, the gallant officer was enabled to proceed on his important enterprise.—*London Athenæum*.

ITEMS.—The sum of 125,000 pounds sterling has been awarded to Admiral Napier's fleet as prize money for the capture of the Miguelite fleet, to be paid in three instalments, at intervals of six months.

It is stated in an English paper, that at Strathfieldsaye there are three or four young plants raised by the Duke of Wellington's head gardener, from chestnuts which the duke received from America, and which were gathered from the tree which General Washington planted with his own hands.

The French papers say that the inconvenience felt in the United States from the want of money, is attributable to the suspension of the UNITED STATES BANK! So much for the accuracy of foreign journals.

A public meeting has been held in England to petition parliament to remove the bishops from the house of lords, and also to urge the necessity of a complete separation of church and state, and an appropriation of its revenues to national purposes.

The British ministry have in several instances rewarded literary persons, which has gained for them much credit. The lord chancellor had obtained a small pension for the eminent Dalton, and a royal pension of one hundred pounds has been settled on Doctor Jamieson.

The Rev. G. Crabbe obtained for a copyright of his "Tales of the Hall" 3,000*l.* The work contains 13,105 lines, so that he received 4*s.* 6 3-4*d.* and a fraction per line. John Milton was paid for the copyright of his "Paradise Lost" 15*l.* This work contains 10,565 lines, thus valued at a trifle more than a farthing a line!

John Macneill has published in London the result of his experiments on the resistance of water to the passage of boats upon canals, in quarto.

Mrs. Belzoni, the widow of the Egyptian traveler, is now in great poverty on the continent. Lady Morgan has taken her case in hand, and appealed to the sympathy of the British public in a letter, printed in the *London Athenæum*. Mrs. B.'s strongest wish seems to be, to die and be buried beside her husband.

Captain Ross has been presented with the geographical society's annual geographical premium.

The giraffe, expected by the London zoological society, died of fright and sea sickness in stormy weather, three days after the vessel passed the cape of Good Hope.

Galignani's Paris Messenger says—"The royal library at Paris, on the 1st January, 1833, contained 1,985,000 volumes, including manuscripts, books of engravings, and numismatical works. On the 1st January, 1834, it will contain at least 2,000,000 volumes, as every year on an average 20,000 new works are deposited there."

DOMESTIC.

HON. THOMAS TYLER BOULDIN.—We learn from the National Intelligencer, that this gentleman, whose sudden demise has filled all minds and hearts with solemn awe, was one amongst the most distinguished sons of Virginia. At the bar, for his was the learned profession of the law, he occupied for years the foremost rank in all the courts in which he practised; and upon the bench, to which he was elevated by the votes of the two houses of assembly of his native state, he very soon acquired the reputation of a profound reasoner, an able jurist, and an upright judge. After several years service in that station, the people of his district called upon him to lay down his judicial functions, and to assume those of their representative in congress. He responded to their wishes, and was elected the successor of the late Mr. Randolph. Bringing with him to that high station a mind deeply and profoundly imbued with the truths of political science; a heart devoted to the principles of free government, and filled with the most generous sensibilities—a deportment amiable and exemplary; and a disposition conciliatory and benevolent, it is not to be wondered at, that he possessed, at the same time, the confidence and affection of all who knew him. Many, very many, are afflicted by his loss, and his constituents are deprived of an able and honest representative. In his public course he was governed by no selfish policy; he looked only to the good

of the country, and of the whole country. Content to move in the sphere appointed him by his constituents, he looked to no higher advancement—if there be a higher—and, resting on the broad basis of principle, the constitution and laws were the only lights to which he looked for the regulation of his footsteps. His death may be regarded more as a subject of sorrow to his numerous connexions and friends, than on his own account. He died at his post and in the discharge of his duty. On the argument he was about to deliver, he had deeply pondered; and, if its delivery had comported with the decree of an allwise Providence, it would, as is firmly believed, have constituted an additional claim to the public gratitude. He lived and died an honest man, and, beyond that, there is nothing on earth worthy the aspirations of a noble and generous mind.

OFFICERS OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the medical society of the state of New York, held in the assembly chamber in Albany, on the 5th of February, 1834, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Dr. John H. Steele, of Saratoga, president; Dr. Jas. M. Naughton, of Albany, vice president; Dr. Joel A. Wing, of Albany, secretary; Dr. Platt Williams, of Albany, treasurer.

CONSULT.—Southern district: Dr. James R. Manley, New York; Dr. John C. Cheesman, do; Dr. Edward G. Ludlow, do.—Middle district: Dr. Jonathan Eights, Albany; Dr. Wm. Bay, do; Dr. Peter Wendell, do.—Eastern district: Dr. Moses Hale, Troy; Dr. Samuel M. Cullen, Schoharie; Dr. Elijah Porter, Waterford.—Western district: Dr. Thomas Spencer, Lenox; Dr. John M. Call, Utica; Dr. John G. Morgan, Auburn.

APPROPRIATIONS.—The appropriation bill passed by congress on the 11th inst., gives to its members for services the sum of \$555,480; to officers and clerks of both houses, \$32,900; for stationary, fuel, printing, &c., of the senate, \$32,550; the same for the house of representatives \$150,000. The two sums last mentioned, to be applied to the payment of the ordinary expenditures of the senate and house of representatives, severally, and to no other purpose.

UNITED STATES REVIEW.—The excellent article on temperance, in the United States Review, issued from this office, is attracting considerable attention. It is written without the least cant, and will not fail to convince many. The reviewer says, that from recent accounts it appears, that the temperance societies existing in the United States, exceed six thousand in number, and include more than one million of members, all pledged to total abstinence from ardent spirits as a drink; and it is conjectured, on probable grounds, that at least one million more abstain, though bound by no formal engagement. It is asserted, says the writer, that seven hundred ships have been fitted out from the ports of the United States without ardent spirit. The risk of shipwreck, it is said, is so much diminished by entire abstinence on the part of the seamen from strong drink, that vessels fitted out on this principle, may be insured for a less premium than those in which the ordinary allowance of grog is made. By a regulation of the war department, ardent spirit is entirely banished from the United States army; it must be extremely gratifying to the originators of this important topic, to find it gaining so rapidly on the good sense of the country.

It affords us pleasure to know that the entire number of this new quarterly is highly approved and generally read. Several of the articles are remarkable for their terseness, and are on very important national topics.—*Waldie's Journal of Belles Lettres*.

ANOTHER SHOCKING STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—By a gentleman who came up on the Little Rock, we learn that the steamboat Missourian recently burst her boiler, on the Mississippi, by which disaster about sixty persons lost their lives! We have no further particulars, but presume it was owing to carelessness, as a majority of these disasters are.

On the 17th ult. the steamboat Waterloo, on her passage from Louisville to St. Louis, struck a snag, five miles below Chester, and sunk. Most of the cargo lost.—*Little Rock Gazette*.

A FOUNDLING.—An infant about four months old was found on Wednesday night last, in the hall of a house in Broome street, where it had probably been abandoned by its unnatural mother. The respectable inmates of the house immediately provided for the child, which was sick at the time and miserably clad, and yesterday proceeded with it to the office of the commissioners of the almshouse. In the interim, however, the solicitude felt for the restoration of the child's health, and the success which attended their exertions to effect it, had accomplished more for the infant in the breasts of the family who had found it, than could be presumed to exist in that of the mother who had deserted it, for, on the lady who carried it, presenting it to the commissioners, there was manifestly a reluctance to part with it. The child, which had been well dressed by the family, and was in reality very pretty, just as she was about to hand it over, opened a

pretty blue eye, and, with a playful smile, clung to the lady. This to her was irresistible, and she frankly expressed the regret she would feel at parting with the infant under such circumstances. The commissioners, who saw the action of the infant, and felt for the sympathy of the lady, immediately proposed that the child should remain with her, which was promptly acceded to and taken home. In the mean time, a memorandum was taken by the commissioners of the circumstances, and the name of Lavinia Broome was given to the foundling.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

AN ARMY OF WOODCUTTERS.—It is computed that 6000 persons are employed at this time in cutting timber in the woods in the state of Maine.

RECIPE FOR THE SCARLET FEVER.—A very simple remedy, says a correspondent in the N. Y. Com. Adv., for this dreadful disorder, is now using in this city with good effect. It is merely a mixture of Cayenne pepper, salt and vinegar, used as a gargle.

ITEMS.—Mr. Bayard, we learn from the Delaware State Journal, has declined the appointment of government director of the Bank of the United States.

An earthquake of considerable violence occurred recently at Taneytown, Md. and Columbia, Pa. At the latter place the crockery and other articles shook very considerably upon the shelves.

Nicholas Biddle has been unanimously re-elected president of the board of trustees of the Girard college for orphans, for three years.

There are now in the city of New York, says the Commercial, no less than THREE THOUSAND AND FORTYEIGHT LICENSED DEALERS IN ARDENT SPIRITS!! by authority of the mayor, aldermen, and assistant aldermen of the several wards. And there are now in the almshouse at Bellevue, 1350 adults and 600 children, of whom, 1215 of the former, and 550 of the latter have obviously been brought there through intemperance, either in their own persons, or by their wretched parents.

The Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger states, that Mr. McDuffie intends to retire from congress after the expiration of his present term, and intimates, that it will be for the purpose of serving the state as her chief magistrate.

The New York papers inform us that American hops have been tried in Holland, and have obtained a decided preference to the English.

The common council of Philadelphia has appropriated \$2,000 to defray the expense of sending an agent to Europe to obtain information in relation to gas.

The canal commissioners have made a report in favor of reconstructing the Rochester aqueduct, and of doubling the locks east of Syracuse.

The citizens of Brooklyn have presented Commodore Chauncey with a pair of elegant silver pitchers, as a mark of their esteem and respect.

The Catskill Recorder states that more than one thousand deer have been slaughtered within 50 miles of that town during the last month.

A man named Michael Mullens, who was employed in the nail factory of Mr. Wragg at Montreal, came to his death on Friday last by becoming entangled in a part of the machinery of the factory.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, wife of Joshua Thompson of Livornia, died on the 27th ult. in consequence of taking arsenic, which was administered by her nurse, for mania. She has left nine children, the youngest but two weeks old.

The school for the education of the blind established at Columbus, Ohio, five years ago, has been very successful.

A man named Shrader, of Henry county, Ky, after a drunken debauch, killed three of his children, and so shockingly abused his wife that she is not expected to recover.

The number of voters in the state of Pennsylvania, who are unable to read and write, is computed at one hundred thousand.

The merchants' and planters' bank of Magnolia, Florida, has failed. A degree of speculation and fraud rarely witnessed, is exhibited in their accounts, which have been laid before the legislature of that state.

The receipts of the Ohio canals for the past year have been \$187,026 30, being an increase of \$70,212 30 over that of the preceding year. The amount of exports seem to have increased in ratio with the tolls.

Mr. Avery's pamphlet in vindication of his innocence, has issued from the Boston press under his superintendence. A portion of the work is devoted to a review of the articles under the signature of Aristides which appeared in a Providence paper and were extensively copied.

Edward Mott, esq., the oldest lawyer in Milford, Va., was found dead in his office a short time since; having shot himself with a pistol.

Mr. Thatcher has retired from the editorial charge of the Boston Mercantile Journal, and Mr. Sleeper, lately of the Daily Lowell Journal, has succeeded him.

John Randall, jr., has obtained a verdict against the Del. and Chesapeake Canal Co. of \$226,385, for damages for breach of contract.

LITERARY INQUIRER,

AND
Repository of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, FEBRUARY 26, 1834.

* * Owing to the badness of the roads, we have received no New York papers of a later date than the 19th inst., and are therefore unable to carry our congressional summary beyond the preceding Saturday.

GREAT MEETING IN BUFFALO.—On Tuesday week, a public meeting was held at the Eagle Tavern, in this city, to take into consideration the commercial distress of the country. After several gentlemen had spoken on the subject, the meeting was adjourned till the following afternoon, when it took place, first in the court house, and subsequently in the park. Many of our most influential and respectable citizens addressed the assembly, which was probably one of the largest ever convened in Buffalo on a political occasion, and with, we believe, a single exception, concurred in ascribing our present pecuniary embarrassment to the removal of the deposits. Appropriate resolutions, &c., expressive of this opinion, were adopted.

A. CUTLER AND WHITTLESEY'S PIANO FORTE WARE ROOM.—We were highly gratified on Monday last with a visit we paid this new establishment, and cordially commend its enterprising proprietors to the support of our citizens generally. **ABNER CUTLER** has for several years been known in Buffalo as a thorough business man, and his large and elegant assortment of cabinet and other furniture bears ample testimony to his good taste, extensive custom, and general industry. The Messrs. **WHITTLESEY**, who are associated with him in the manufacture of piano fortes, have been engaged in that line for nearly twenty years, and appear to possess both a scientific and practical knowledge of the business. They are likewise excellent performers on the instrument. These gentlemen had just finished a most splendid piano forte, when we visited their room, of which we present to our readers a brief but inadequate description. The lid is of the richest mottled mahogany, with a wide, and well matched banding of branch wood. The lock board continues to the right, so that the ends are at equal distances from the corners. The squares of the legs, which are bold and well proportioned, are veneered with branch wood, and the castors are of the patent revolving kind. The case, as a whole, is remarkable for its apparent strength and beauty. There are two pedals, which are capable of producing four variations. The effect of the piano, or soft pedal, is very pleasing, since by its means, the deep and powerful tones of the instrument are at once reduced to the richest and most mellow softness. The interior presents a specimen of neatness and workmanship which can not fail to gratify; and, though last yet not least, the tone is distinguished by great power and brilliance. We were pleased to learn that hitherto the manufacturers have been scarcely able to keep pace with the demand, and that the prospects are of so encouraging a nature, as to render it necessary for them to employ an additional number of mechanics. One very great advantage resulting to our citizens from this establishment, is the facility with which it enables them to have piano fortes tuned and repaired, the Messrs. **WHITTLESEY** intending to devote a portion of their time to those departments.

CONGRESSIONAL.—In Senate: On the 11th of February, the senate adjourned at an early hour, on account of the sudden death of Mr Bouldin, a distinguished member of the house of representatives. Memorials were presented from Philadelphia, &c., complaining of the great pecuniary embarrassment and the disordered state of the currency, and praying for the restoration of the deposits to the United States Bank. On the 12th, by a unanimous vote, the senate agreed to attend the funeral of Mr Bouldin on the subsequent day, and wear the usual badge of mourning round the left arm for thirty days. On the 13th, the senators, preceded by the sergeant at arms, and headed by the vice-president and secretary of the senate, proceeded to the hall of the house of representatives, for the purpose of attending the funeral obsequies of the hon. Thos

Tyler Bouldin. On the 14th, several memorials of a private nature, and quite a number on the deposit question, were presented and referred. Among the latter was one of about 3,000 mechanics and artisans of the city of New York, ascribing the deranged state of the currency to the removal of the deposits. On the 15th the senate did not sit.

House of Representatives: On the 11th of February, a resolution was adopted by a majority of 32 votes, appointing a select committee to inquire into the propriety of extending the provisions of the pension laws, so as to include those who were engaged in the wars against the Indians subsequent to the revolutionary war, and down to the treaty of Glenville, with leave to report by bill or otherwise. Mr Bouldin, of Va., had scarcely commenced speaking on the deposit question, when he swooned, fell, and in a few minutes after expired. On the 12th, resolutions similar to those passed by the senate were unanimously adopted, and a committee appointed to take order for superintending Mr Bouldin's funeral. We extract the following remarks from the speech of Mr Archer, on moving the resolutions:

"I know, sir, that I should outrage the feelings of the house, as I should violate my own, were I to avail myself of this occasion, to pay at large the tribute of esteem to my departed colleague and friend, which would, under other circumstances, be due to the announcement of his loss. He was of a character which might well be fruitful of panegyric, if it were now allowed me to dwell upon it. It was his fortune to have raised himself from the humblest condition of life, to rank in his profession—to a high judicial station at home—and to a seat, and that no undistinguished one, on this floor, by the aid of merit alone. At an age approaching to majority he was following the plough, and so far from regarding this circumstance with shame, or desiring to conceal it, he had the superior mind to regard and to speak of it with exultation, as what it truly was, an honor. Without fortune or influential friends, or the aid even of education, he had lifted himself to general esteem, to independence, and to a place, which he regarded, as I do, inferior to none in point of honor—a seat in this house."

On the 13th, the day appointed for the funeral of Mr Bouldin, the president, vice president, heads of departments, judges of the supreme court, together with the members of the senate, attended the house. The following is the order in which the funeral obsequies were observed:

The remains of the deceased were brought into the hall, preceded by the committee of arrangements, the pall bearers, and the Virginia delegation, as mourners.

The episcopal church service was read by the rev. Mr Hatch, chaplain to the senate; after which an appropriate discourse was pronounced by the rev. Mr Stockton, chaplain to the house of representatives.

The funeral procession was then formed, and proceeded to the eastern portico, whence it moved to the congressional cemetery, in the following order:

The Chaplains of both Houses.
Physicians and Clergymen who attended the deceased.
Committee of Arrangements,
Mr Archer, Mr Clayton, Mr Williams, Mr Muhlenberg,
Mr White, of N.Y., Mr Harper, of N.H., and Mr Marshall.
Pall Bearers,
Mr Pinckney, Mr Rencher, Mr McIntyre, Mr Bell, of Te,
Mr Crane, and Mr Murphy.
The Family of the deceased.
The members of the House of Representatives and Senators from Virginia, as mourners.
The Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives.
The House of Representatives, preceded by their Speaker and Clerk.
The Sergeant at Arms of the Senate.
The Senate of the United States, preceded by the Vice President and their Secretary.
The President of the United States.
The Heads of Departments.
Judges of the Supreme Court and their Officers.
Foreign Ministers.
Citizens and Strangers.

On the 14th, little public business of importance was attended to. The resolution relating to the difficulties in Alabama was taken up, but, after a short and animated discussion, it was again laid on the table—ayes, 107; noes, 83.—On the 15th, after a few unimportant remarks on the subject of the difficulties in Alabama, the house, without proceeding to take up either the appropriation bills or the orders of the day, adjourned.

LEGISLATIVE.—In Senate: On the 11th of February, the bill reducing the duties on salt was read the third time and passed. On the 12th, Mr Lansang made a report on the subject of lotteries, accompanied by a bill, the provisions of which are described as equally severe and wholesome. On the 13th, a long and interesting report was presented from the committee on canals, accompanied by two bills, of which, toge-

ther with the report, four times the usual number of copies were ordered to be printed. The following syllabus of the bills will prove generally acceptable to our readers:

(The first directs the canal commissioners to cause a survey to be made of the Hudson river, from Albany to New Baltimore, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the obstructions to the ship and sloop navigation, the practicability of their removal and the cost thereof—also a survey of a ship canal route from Greenbush to New Baltimore, on the plan suggested by Edmund C. Genet, esq., the expense of constructing such canal, &c. The other directs the canal commissioners, during the year 1834, to cause a canal route to be surveyed from Rochester, up the valley of the Genesee river, to Olean on the Allegany river, and to report the result of such survey and examination, to the next legislature.)

On the 14th, a resolution was agreed to, directing the canal board to report to the senate "in what proportion, according to their opinion, the revenue derivable from the Erie canal will be diminished by the termination of the navigation of said canal at Schenectady, in case other means of transportation from that place to Albany should be provided." Another resolution was passed, requiring the canal board to "report to the senate, a statement of the expense of constructing the Erie canal from Schenectady to Albany; and also a statement of the expense of keeping that portion of such canal in repair for the three preceding years." On the 15th, a bill was passed authorizing the erection of a new court house in the county of Chautauque.

In Assembly: On the 11th of February, among the reports of committees was one against the petitions for a bank at Lockport. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th, the bank committee reported by resolution adverse to the petitions for a number of banks; these reports were severally agreed to, and the resolutions rejecting the applications adopted. On the 13th, the same committee reported a bill to incorporate the Clinton co. bank at Plattsburgh; and on the 14th, a bill to incorporate the bank of New Berlin, Chen. co. On the 15th, the bank committee reported, by resolution, rejecting the application for the book-makers' bank in the city of New York, and the application to increase the capital of the Bank of Buffalo. An unsuccessful motion was made by Mr Whipple, to lay the resolution respecting the last named application on the table until Monday.

GOOD SIR WALTER.—The length of this interesting tale, which we copy from Waldie's Select Circulating Library, compels us to defer some original papers we had intended for this number of our journal.

EARLY PLEASURES.—Who is there that does not fondly turn at times, to linger round those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood, ere his heart grew heavy, and his hair waxed gray—and to dwell with fond affection on the friends who have so long twined themselves round his heart-mingled in all his enjoyments—contributed to all his felicities? If there be any who can not relish those enjoyments, let them despair—for they have been so soiled in their intercourse with the world, as to be incapable of tasting some of the purest pleasures that survive the happy period of youth.

ORIGIN OF BANKING.—The Doge of Venice was once obliged to resort to a forced loan from the most opulent citizens, the contributors to which were made creditors to the chamber of loans, at an annual interest of 4 per cent. These creditors, in process of time, became incorporated into a company for the management of their joint concerns, and thus formed the basis upon which the bank of Venice, the most ancient establishment of the kind, was founded. This is believed to be the earliest instance on record of a funding system, and the first example of a permanent national debt.—*Boston Statesman.*

COMMON SCHOOLS.—(From Pres. Lindsley's Address.) But what is meant by a common school education? This question has never been answered. Some may think it enough that their children learn to read: others will insist on writing: many will be content with reading, writing and arithmetic. Others will add to this list, grammar, geography, history—perhaps, practical mathematics, physics, astronomy, mechanics, rural economy—with several other branches of science and literature, as ethics, rhetoric, political economy, geology, chemistry, mineralogy, botany: in short, where shall the limit be fixed? Who shall prescribe the boundaries beyond which a common school education shall never extend? It is evident, upon the slightest reflection, that the phrase *common school education* is a very indefinite one. How far beyond the alphabet it may be carried, has never been ascertained. Ex-

periments are making in Europe, and in several sections of our own country, which are calculated to give a totally different aspect to this whole concern. It has been discovered at length, what indeed was always sufficiently obvious, that a boy need not be kept at school eight or ten years to learn to read his primer, write his name, cipher to the rule of three,—and to hate books and learning for the rest of his life. It has been discovered that boys may, in three or four years, be taught a hundredfold more, by skillful teachers, in a skillful way, than their fathers ever dreamt of learning at all. This is the grandest discovery of our age. It will do more to meliorate the moral, physical and political condition of mankind generally, than all other means yet devised.

The excellence and the extent of a common school education, therefore, will ever depend on the qualifications of the teacher and the system which he pursues. No man can teach more than he knows himself. Every man can teach all that he does know. The more he knows, the more useful will he be. In the humblest school in the country, he will find some pupils to be benefited to the utmost extent of his ability to instruct them. And upon the monitorial or Lancasterian plan, he can teach any number.

NEW ANCHOR.—Lieut. Rodger, of the royal navy, has recently invented an anchor, differing in essential particulars from the old one. Its merit consists chiefly in its increased power of holding in all kinds of ground; and even when overpowered by the force of the vessel, it does not leave the ground abruptly and come home at once, but it is slowly and with difficulty dragged through the ground. The mode by which he has arrived at this improvement is by reducing the size of the palms of the anchor, and strengthening and improving its form generally; the quantity of iron formerly used in large palms being diffused equally through the new anchor. It was formerly supposed that the broader and more spadelike the palm was, the greater its power of holding would be; but Mr Rodger has now proved that to be a fallacy, the palms of his anchors being only about one eighth of the size of those at present in use. The superior power of holding possessed by the new invention was proved by two different methods; in the first, an old anchor weighing 4cwt. 9lbs. and a new, or patent anchor, weighing 4cwt. 6lbs. were firmly embedded in the sand, 60 feet apart; a triple block and tackle were attached to each, and 16 men employed on each rope, and the result in two trials was that the old anchor was dragged 62 feet 6 inches, whilst the patent anchor only came away 34; a weight of 1cwt. 2qrs. 11lbs. being added during a part of the time to the old anchor. In the second method the trial was made with a model anchor, in a metal reservoir, which was filled with sea sand, loam, and water. The anchor was again imbedded in the mixture, and instantly brought up on the application of one hundred weight to the scale, while the new one required upwards of two hundred weight to draw it home, and then its press was slow and difficult. Another benefit arising from the use of the patent anchor is that on being drawn from an adhesive ground, it brings none of the soil with it, whereas as much as one hundred weight of soil has been known to attach to one of the old ones.

ITEMS.—The products of the water works of Philadelphia, after deducting all expenses, leave a surplus at the disposal of the city councils, for the past year, of over thirty thousand dollars.

At Wrightsville, Duplin co., N.C., a fire recently occurred, in which, shocking to relate, a negro woman with five children were burnt to death.

A destructive fire lately happened at Pres de Ville, Quebec, by which ten houses were destroyed. The loss is estimated in the Gazette at 10,000 pounds.

Quebec papers of the 3d inst. announce that the house of assembly were to be presented, on the 15th inst. with the articles of impeachment against the governor Lord Aylmer.

Silk handkerchiefs, the product of the native mulberry, have been manufactured at Dayton, Ohio, and for durability and texture are said to be equal to the best that are imported.

Judge Green, of Virginia, against whom articles of impeachment had been preferred in consequence of inability to attend to the duties of his office, arising from a paralytic affection, died on the 8th inst.

There is in the library of a young gentleman of New Haven, eight volumes of the "Mercurie," the first newspaper ever published; comprising part of the reign of James 1st, Charles the 1st and the commonwealth under the protection of Cromwell and his son Richard. The size of the paper is three inches wide by seven long, and abounds with quaint sayings and singular notices.

Small Pox has made its appearance in New Orleans among the slave population; said to have been introduced by a late importation of slaves from another section of the country.—The city administration immediately appropriated five hundred dollars for the distribution of vaccine matter.

Poetry.

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

By Mrs. Abby.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial spirits meet?
Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band,
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start to meet the master hand
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause;
And when we list to music's sighs,
How sweet at every tone,
To read within another's eyes
The raptures of our own.

To share together waking dreams,
Apart from sordid men,
Or speak on high and holy themes,
Beyond the worldling's ken;
These are most dear;—but soon shall pass
That summons of the heart,
Congenial spirits, soon, alas!
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet those to whom such grief is given,
Mourn not thy lot of woe,
Say, can a wandering light from heaven
E'er sparkle long below?
Earth would be all too bright, too blest,
With such pure ties of love;
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,
Save in a rest above!

THE BURIAL OF BONAPARTE.

There is a sound on the desert shore,—
'Tis the muttering cannon's funeral roar!
In one deep glen of that barren isle
There rises 'the emperor's funeral pile;
His court is around—his bearers are by—
And who?—The sons of the enemy!

Are his 'guards' at that fearful gathering,
Steel-clad and iron hearts within?
Do banners wave o'er him? and trumpets tell
That he sleeps 'neath the warrior's thundering knell?
The lonely tree waves—and the ritual is read
By an exile priest o'er the silent dead!

Are burning cities and crumbling thrones
The soil of the conqueror's grave?
Is it piled with an altar of hostile bones,
Is it slaked with the blood of the brave?
In a quiet valley's smooth green bed
Rests, in its slumber, that laureled head!

Does the deafening peal of the glad hurrah,
Ring wild and wide on the vaulted sky?
And the shout of thousands in armed array
Tell the god of their soul's idolatry?
A few brief shots—and then all is still,
And the echoes rise mute upon valley and hill!

He was the star on the stormy sky,
None were so brilliant, and none so high;
His fiery blaze hid the fervor of noon,
It's setting, the tempest's tenfold gloom;
Now the hand of the stranger hath burst his chain,
And his dirge is told by the ceaseless main.

From the North American Magazine.

TO A FASHIONABLE FEMALE FRIEND.

I knew thee when thy heart was young,
Unwringing with care, unfringed with pride,
And oft my humble muse hath sung
The virtues of the artless bride.

Years have rolled on, and still thou art
Replete with every early grace,
In form and feature, but thy heart
Accords not with that dimpled face.

Fashion and pride and empty show
Usurp the throne where nature reigned;
Feign as thou wilt, thou ne'er canst know
Those dear delights thou hast disdain'd.

'Tis outside all—'tis mirth and sleep
Bright as the orb, beneath whose ray
We bask in noontide revelry—
But night succeeds the fairest day.

The sun that sheds his beams on all,
Shares neither in their warmth nor light;
The genial dews, on flowers that fall,
Adorn not the dark brow of night.

Thy smiles may scatter transport round,
And teach e'en marble hearts to glow,
But neither light nor warmth is found
To cheer thine own or soothe its woe.

Flirts, fops, and fools usurp the place
Where modest worth and wisdom shone,
And native charms and artless grace
Forever from the scene have flown.

The wandering glance, the studied smile,
That speaks of conquest won or sought,
Can ne'er the weary hours beguile
Or fill the midnight tomb of thought.

Vapid and vain are all these lures
That day and night thine hours employ;
This senseless round, the soul endures,
But never—never can enjoy.

The simple rustic in her bower,
Arrayed in innocence and health,
Among the flowers, the sweetest flower,
May laugh to scorn thy pomp and wealth.

She smiles—when'er she deigns to smile—
In unsophisticated glee,
On some brave youth, whose honest toil
And honest open rivalry
Has won her love—and taught that breast
The seat of purity alone.
The darling lesson—in be blest
By firmly resting on his own.

A SERENADE.

If slumber, sweet Lisena,
Have stolen o'er thine eyes,
As night steals o'er the glory
Of spring's transparent skies;

Wake in thy scorn and beauty,
And listen to the strain
That murmurs my devotion,
That mourns for thy disdain.

Here, by thy doors, at midnight,
I pass the dreary hour,
With plaintive sounds profaning
The silence of thy bower;

A tale of sorrow cherished
Too fondly to depart,
Of wrong from love the flatterer,
And from my own wild heart.

Twice o'er this vale, the seasons
Have brought and borne away
The January tempest,
The genial wind of May;

Yet still my plaint is uttered,
My tears and sighs are given
To earth's unconscious waters,
And wandering winds of heaven.

I saw, from this fair region,
The smile of summer pass,
And myriad frost stars glitter
Among the russet grass.

While winter seized the streamlets,
That fled along the ground,
And fastidiously of crystal
The transient murmurs bound.

I saw that to the forest,
The nightingales had flown,
And every sweet voiced fountain
Had ushered its silver tone.

The maniac winds, divorcing
The turtle from his mate,
Raved through the leafy beeches,
And left them desolate.

Now May with life and music
The blooming valley fills,
And rears her flowery arches
For all the little rills.

The minstrel bird of evening
Comes back on joyous wings,
And, like the harp's soft murmur,
Is heard the gush of springs.

And deep within the forest
Are wedded turtles seen
Their nuptial chambers seeking—
Their chambers close and green.

The rugged trees are mingling
Their flowery sprays in love;
The ivy scales the laurel,
To clasp the boughs above.

They change—but thou, Lisena,
Art cold while I complain:
Why to thy lover only
Should spring return in vain?

CORAL REEFS.—It is a remarkable fact in the history of our globe, that almost all the islands of the Pacific ocean, are either entirely, or in part, formed of coral; and the ocean abounds in coral reefs, which are perpetually augmenting, and changing the state of the bays, ports, and gulfs. These reefs are so numerous between New Holland and New California, and New Guinea, that the term Coralian sea would not be misapplied. With regard to the formation of these islands and reefs, Kidd, in his treatise on the physical condition of man, remarks:

"Coral, considered as an individual substance, is a natural form of carbonate of lime, produced by an animal of the polype kind. The particles of carbonate of lime, however produced, are cemented together so firmly by a glutinous secretion of the same animal, as to acquire a degree of consistence, which not only forms a safe habitation for a race of animalcules, from their soft texture most obnoxious to external injuries, but which is calculated to resist the utmost action of the sea, and in many instances to protect the original surface of the earth itself from its assaults. Thus almost all the tropical islands which Cook saw in the south Pacific ocean, are guarded from the sea, to a greater or less extent, by a reef of coral rock, extending out from the shore to the distance of six hundred feet and farther; and on this reef the force of the sea is spent before it reaches the land, and thus nature has effectually secured those islands from the encroachment of the sea, though many of them are mere points when compared with the ocean."

Capt. Flinders, who seems to have paid great attention to the subject of the formation of these reefs and islands, says that

"When the animalcules which form the coral at the bottom of the ocean, cease to live, their structures adhere to each other by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some property in salt water; and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed by the sea, which also adheres, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank, and die in their turn, to increase, but principally to elevate, this monument of their wonderful labors."

When these banks of coral reach above the surface of the sea, they are visited by sea birds, salt plants take root upon them, and a soil is gradually formed; land birds then visit them, and deposit the seed of shrubs and trees, and every tide adds something to the bank, until in process of time islands are gradually formed, which become suited for the habitations of men.

AIR PLANTS.—These attach themselves to the driest and most sapless surface, and flower as if issuing from the richest soils. "A specimen of one of these, which I thought curious," says Dr. Walsh, "I threw into my portmanteau, where it was forgotten; and some months after, in unfolding some linen, I was astonished to find a rich scarlet flower in full blow; it had not only lived, but vegetated and blossomed, though so long secluded from air, light and humidity." The barren pine is not less extraordinary. It also grows on sapless trees, and never on the ground. Its seeds are furnished, on the crown, with a long filmy fibre, like the thread of gossamer. As they ripen they are detached, and driven with the wind, having the long thread streaming behind them. When they meet with the obstruction of a withered branch, the thread is caught, and revolving round, the seed at length comes into fixed contact with the surface, where it soon vegetates, and supplies the naked arm with a new foliage. In Brazil it grows like the common plant of a pine apple, and shoots from its centre a long spike of bright scarlet blossoms. In some species, the leaves are protuberant below, and form vessels like pitchers which catch and retain the rain water, furnishing cool and refreshing draughts to the heated traveler, in heights where no water is to be found. The quantity of this fluid is sometimes very considerable, and those who have attempted to reach the flower stem have been often drowned by upsetting the plant.

Advertisements.

BUFFALO BOOK STORE. No. 204 Main street, Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834. A. W. WILGUS has just received a fresh supply of Books and Stationery, among which are the Education Annual, by J. Breckenridge; A. M. Italy, a poem by Samuel Rogers. The Harper's Head, a legend of Kentucky, by S. Hall. Walden; by Leitch Ritchie. The Down East, &c. &c. in 2 vols. by J. Neal. Richelleu, a tale of France, in 2 vols. The Book of Commerce, by sea and land, designed for schools. The Aristocrat, an American tale, in 2 vols. Tom Cringle's Log, 2d Series, in 2 vols. Lights and Shadows of German Life, in 2 vols. Dutches of Berri, in La Vendee, comprising a narrative of her adventures, &c. by Gen. Dermontcourt. Kinwick's Treatise on Steam Engine. Allen's Mechanic.

A. W. WILGUS. No. 204 Main street, has just received Clark's Commentary, in 2 vols. Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel, by S. H. Tyng, D. D. Scenes of our Parish, by a country Parson's daughter; the Influence of the Bible, in improving the understanding and moral character, by J. Matthews, D. D. The Church of God, in a series of dissertations, by the Rev. R. W. Evans; the Mother at home, or the principle of maternal duty, familiarly illustrated by J. S. C. Abbott; Manly Piety, in its principles, by R. Phillips, of Maberly Chapel; Religious Souvenir, by S. T. Bidell, D. D. The Churchman's Almanac; Common Prayer, fine and common; Methodist Harmonist, new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. A large assortment of pocket Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books.

JUST RECEIVED at the Buffalo Book Store, 204 Main street, Albany, an elegant article; Parchment fine; Drawing Paper of all sizes and qualities; Porter's Analysis; Adams' Grammar; Bridgewater Treatises; Mechanism of the Hand, by Sir Charles Bell; Physical condition of Man, by John Kidd; Astronomy and general Physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell. Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

BAILEY'S CHEMICAL COMPOUND Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla.—The best and safest preparation of Sarsaparilla ever discovered for the cure of Rheumatism, Liver Complaints, White Swellings, &c., removing all diseases arising from excess of mercury, exposures, and imprudences in life, general debility, &c. One bottle of the fluid extract is equal to a gallon of the syrup or decoction as generally made. Full directions accompany each bottle. Price 75 cents, sold only at the Chemical Laboratory, 207 Main street, and J. D. Sheppard's, No. 1 Kremlin.

BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY. No. 214 Main street.—Oliver G. Steele is now receiving and offers for sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond any thing ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all sizes and prices.

School Books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted in schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy of him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at Steele's Bookstore, where they can be furnished on better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city. Jan 8.

THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Summer L. Fairfield, editor.—This magazine is devoted particularly to American literature, but will also contain brief reviews of foreign works and extracts of merit. Tales, sketches of scenery and manners, biographical and critical notices, poetry, an ann, or table talk, the fine arts, and record of occurrences, with reviews of all new works, constitute a portion of the entertainment which is presented in this periodical. All litigated questions, either of politics, religion, or the learned professions, are carefully avoided; and all merely personal rivalry or animosity excluded from the pages of this magazine.

The magazine is published in Philadelphia during the first week of every month. Each number contains sixty four royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and stitched in covers. The price is five dollars per annum, payable in advance. Jan 8.

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING neatly and expeditiously executed, by *Ferrinder & Bacon*, at the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main st. Buffalo. The support of their friends and the public is respectfully solicited. Jan 8.

A FEW complete sets of the First Volume of the *Literary Inquirer*, may be obtained, price two dollars each, at the Bookstore of A. W. Wilgus, 204 Main st. or at the office of publication, Jan 8. 177 Main street, Buffalo.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.—At the Buffalo Bookstore, 204 Main st. now being received a large and full supply of Books, Stationary and fancy articles, for the fall and winter supply. A. W. WILGUS. Jan 8.

CHRISTIAN LIBRARY. new volume.—Key & Biddle have commenced the second volume of that valuable and popular work, the Christian Library, comprising a series of standard religious literature, with parochial lectures on the law and the gospel. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's church, Philadelphia.

The design of the work is to publish: 1. The most valuable religious and literary works which appear from the English press. In selecting from the former class, secularism will be studiously avoided; from the latter, such only will be chosen as christians may with propriety circulate. 2. Translations of valuable works from the Continental press; and occasionally original productions of American writers. 3. Standard works which may be out of print; and selections from such as are accessible to but few. 4. Brief reviews of such books as do not fall within the plan of this work; so that the reader may be enabled to become speedily acquainted with most of the publications of the day, and to form, in some measure, an estimate of their value. Orders received by J. C. MEERS, Eagle Building, Buffalo.

TO Sunday School Teachers and Parents.—As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries, or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 235 volumes, amounting to 25,365 pages, bound in fancy colored leather backs and corners, with marble covers. These volumes contain 1500 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 163 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2055 pages, with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$11.50. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are not included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c. are not placed in the regular series; such as the Bible Dictionary, Geography, Psalms, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good paper; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the committee of publication, composed of an equal number of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches. For the sum of \$12.46, the above 338 works can be procured by any Sunday School, and Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by an individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$3 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library; embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household! How many thousand little companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction! How many thousand sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices' libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the families and individuals they go amongst!

Orders, with particular directions as to the mode of conveying the books, will meet with prompt attention, if addressed to **FREDERICK W. PORTER**, Corresponding Secretary, American Sunday School Union, No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 31

PROSPECTUS of the third volume of the Knickerbocker Magazine, edited by Timothy Flint.—Permanent arrangements having been made with Mr Flint, a gentleman whose literary reputation is well known in every part of the United States, the publishers of the Knickerbocker now present him to their friends and patrons as the editor of their magazine, the columns of which will be filled with the results of his pen, as well as regular contributions from other distinguished American writers.

Each number will contain eighty full size octavo pages in burgeois and brevier, which will admit of nearly double the amount of letter press heretofore given, and printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the Knickerbocker, upon a medium paper of a high finish and fine quality; in short, the greatest attention will be paid to its typography and mechanical appearance, while several engravings, in a new and novel style, are in the engraver's hands, and will from time be given. Terms of subscription, \$3 a year, or \$3 for six months. **PEABODY & CO.,** New York. Jan 8.

THE LADY'S BOOK.—Each number of this periodical contains sixty pages of extra royal octavo letter press, printed with clear, new, and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and whitest color. It is embellished with splendid engravings on copper and steel, executed by artists of the highest skill and attention, and embracing every variety of subject. The terms of the Lady's Book are three dollars per annum, payable in advance. Published by **L. A. Goodey & Co.** Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

Printed and published every Wednesday, by *Ferrinder & Bacon*, proprietors, at 177 Main street, Buffalo. Terms.—Two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars, at the end of the year. Six months one dollar and twenty-five cents; three months, seventy-five cents; both invariably in advance.

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